

THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIALIST REVIEW

VOL. II.

DECEMBER, 1901.

NO. 6.

Some Proposed Solutions of the Negro Problem.



WHAT shall we do with the negro? "Kill him." "The only way to elevate the negro is with a rope." "Ship him off to Africa." "Send him up North." "Anything to get rid of him." That such sentiments as these are common in the South and indicate the almost universal hatred of the negro is not to be doubted. The germs of any disease sure to kill negroes but leave whites immune would—to say little—be looked upon with equanimity by most Southerners. The practice of lynching confirms this view, for lynching, whatever else it may mean, does mean anger and hatred rather than deliberate punishment. The fact that the proportion of negroes lynched is about 80 per cent of the whole would seem to show an especial antipathy toward negroes and disregard of their life.

There are many superficial indications of the same thing. Dangerous occupations in the South are commonly in the hands of negroes. It is astonishing to see the sang froid with which otherwise gentle-hearted, cultivated men will affirm the uselessness of the negro, and that the sooner they are rid of the better. I once tried to discuss the question of castration of rapers with a Southern physician. "Humph," he replied, "too much trouble. I'd kill 'em all off and be done with it. They are a black blight on the South, a mill-stone about its neck."

The intensity with which the negro is hated in the South is only equalled by the frankness with which this hatred is acknowledged. Its causes are not far to seek when one sees the negroes en masse. Tolstoi has said that the cause of anger is the sense of superiority, that we do not lose our tempers except against those whom, at least for the time being, we despise. Now, if hatred is to anger what climate is to weather—weather lasting only a short time, while climate lasts all the time—we may easily understand the hatred of the Southern white man for the negro.

But it is not hard to find more specific causes. Physically the negroes are as a race repulsive to us. Their features are the

opposite of what we consider beautiful. This includes, not their facial features alone, but the shape of their heads and hands and feet, and general slovenliness of carriage. The odor, even of the cleanest of them, differs perceptibly from ours. In a word, the negro seems like a caricature and mockery of our ideal of the "human form divine." All this may not be obtrusively apparent in the North, where full-blooded negroes are not common, and where one easily learns to admire the rich brown color, fine physique and noble bearing of many half-breeds, but let any one who carries in his breast the aesthetic race instincts that centuries of sexual selection have developed, spend a few months in the "black belt," and he will banish forever any sentimentality about the human body being made in "the image of God." Our images of God are of Caucasian type, that is, our ideal of physical beauty is racial, not human. Whatever we think of the mental and moral traits of the negro, there is always the hope that these can be changed by a sufficiently long and severe course of discipline, but we have no hope that the Ethiopian can change his skin. The only hope, then, of his becoming attractive to the Caucasian is for the Caucasian to enlarge his circle of ideals of physical beauty. This, let us confess, we are loth to do.

This matter of physical aversion assumes a paradoxical and almost ludicrous form when considered from the point of view of the social standing of the negro. When, after a sufficient residence in the South, a Northerner begins to share the common dislike for the negro, it becomes a matter of wonder to him how Southern white people allow such intimate relations as they do between themselves and the negroes. He hears of gentlewomen being shampooed and otherwise physically touched by negresses, he sees their children fondled and kissed by negro nurses, he sees the fact of miscegenation if not of marriage, he sees white folks' food cooked and served by negroes (no Hindoo Brahmin touches food cooked by one of an inferior caste); in fact, every sort of personal want of the most sensitive white people ministered to by negro attendants, and yet these negroes are "social lepers." Queer sort of lepers, he thinks, that can live so near one. But in time he learns that this is one of the paradoxes of the association of dominant and subject races, and after all pretty much the same thing that obtains in a more subtle way in the North. People in the North do not treat their cooks, valets and coachmen as social equals, however much they may prate about social equality.

But the great difference lies in this, that in the North a man can escape from a servile occupation and become socially acceptable, while a negro in the South can never escape. This shows, if it shows anything, that race prejudice is deeper in the

blood than economic standing. Race pride is a primary force, and even when physical aversion is overcome for the sake of economic advantage or sexual desire, race hatred does not disappear, but reasserts itself in social and political life. So we find it is not quite true, as is sometimes said that the Southerner hates the negro because of his physical aversion to him, for we see that his physical aversion is often subordinated to his need of servile attendance; but none the less he does hate him, even if he puts up with him.

Personally I dislike dogs. Their odor and habits and manners are repulsive. Having no need to exploit them either as hunters or watchers (I possess neither weapons nor property), I am not obliged to overcome my natural dislike, while those who have property to guard or game to shoot come to have a great fondness for dogs. Possibly therein can be found a fable.

An intimate knowledge of negroes still further enables one to sympathize with the common dislike for them. The qualities that we despise are well-developed, while those that we honor are singularly lacking. His servility, obtuseness, showiness, superficiality, improvidence, laziness, excessive individuality, grossness, sensuality are everywhere obtrusive, while the opposite virtues of defiance, cleverness, taste, foresight, energy, temperateness are rare enough to cause comment. "As soon find a white crow as an honest nigger," is a common saying. All this is explicable enough. As we know, honesty is a virtue grown out of the institution of private property. How shall we expect to find it then among a propertyless people, and still less among those who were themselves property? In like manner, chastity as a virtue is the result of the institution of marriage, or, in other words, of the personal ownership of women by men. What shall we expect, then, of a race who—to say nothing of their previous savagery—have been bred like cattle for 250 years? There was no home life in slavery. Little wonder, then, that domestic virtues are lacking. But, however much our analysis of the causes of the negro's weaknesses may enable us to be generous in our judgment of him, the fact that he is weak in character makes him hated all through the South.

Still more potent reasons for this hatred are to be found in the actual historical and local causes of his present status. During slavery he was loved as a dog is loved, for his serviceability and servility. Then, when with a stroke of the pen, his cash value was destroyed, and when again he was arbitrarily and by force of arms given the ballot, and when, furthermore, his purchasable vote put into office unsympathetic aliens, it is not to be wondered at that the southern white man hates the negro.

Add to this the constant fear of insult or assault upon white

women, and the cheapness of the negro women's virtue, and we have a large cause of the white woman's hatred of the negro.

Another potent cause of irritation is the impression,—whether true or not,—that the negroes consume more than they produce; that is, that they are an economic drain upon the whites. This is undoubtedly true in many individual cases, as e. g., where the services of a cook require the support by her employer of her entire family, husband and all.

But the liveliest hatred of all is that of the southern workingman for the negro, for his hatred is based on very real economic grounds. As elsewhere in this country of boundless resources, there is not work enough to go around and hence the white workman hates the negro for out-competing him with a lower standard of living. Bearing all these facts in mind one can appreciate if not sympathize with the sentiment in favor of extermination. If we could only be rid of the negro, the southerner says, we could move forward with a light heart.

A modified form of this sentiment is that held in favor by many humane and serious minds, viz., the desire for wholesale deportation. When this method of solving the negro problem is analyzed it is doubtful if it rests on a very real economic demand. It is quite beside the mark to calculate how much it would cost in dollars to send the negro to Africa; for example, that it would cost less than the abolition of slavery with its attendant war, or less than the sum of a few years' pension rolls. Very good, but who wants to deport the negroes to Africa enough to pay for it? The workingmen of California, with all their hatred of the Chinese, do not hate him quite enough to pay his fare home or to elect their own representatives in Congress to appropriate public funds for this purpose. And the workingmen of the South, on whom the negro presses with the greatest weight, are not ready to lift the load by such a costly wrench as deportation. And after all, do the white people of the South want to be rid of the negroes? That depends on who are meant by the white people. It is commonly assumed that the whites are all of one mind, that their interests are common, and that all would be relieved if the "black blight" were removed. But ask the Southern house mistress how she would like to do her own housework or else depend on proud, self-assertive Irish "help." Ask the contractor how he would build his works without servile black labor. Ask the many little farmers how they would fare without the negro "hands," cheaper than slaves. Ask the manufacturer, even though he chiefly depends on white child labor to keep down wages, how he would like to dispense with the cheap negro labor used in all the more menial departments of his establishment. Once let white labor unions get obstreperous, and negro mills are a possi-

bility, for it is proverbial that the negro is not given to strikes, and from the capitalist's point of view this increases his value. Ask the "traveling public how they would like to do without the obsequious attention of porters, hackmen, runners, waiters, etc. In short, ask the general public—class-conscious workingmen not included—if they want to do their own drudgery and they will honestly acknowledge, "We cannot get along without the negro."

In fact the negro is to the South what the cheap foreigner is to the North, and the same ignorant prejudice that supposes that we should be rid of our social ills by being rid of the cheap foreign labor is identical with the prejudice that exclaims, "The nigger must go."

Whether American workingmen will ever be intelligent and conscious enough of their own interests to act politically, whether for the exclusion of dirty and ignorant foreigners from the North or of "low down niggers" from the South, certain it is that they are not yet intelligent enough to do so, and much less are they, both North and South, wise enough to see that it is not the exclusion of particular races that is essential, but the prevention of economic conditions that make ignorance and brutality possible and dangerous.

If half the foreigners of Boston could be exchanged for half the negroes of Atlanta, that would be a sort of deportation that would set the people of both cities thinking. This suggests another opinion current in the South, that the North ought to share the burden of the negro problem by receiving a large proportion of them.

But who wants the negroes to move North in large numbers? Certainly not Northern workingmen. Labor organizations are more tightly closed to the negro in the North than in the South, and it is consequently next to impossible for a negro to find skill-requiring labor in the North. While there are great differences in this respect in different cities in the South, in many places in the South the Central Federation of Labor is composed of both white and black delegates. This is the more remarkable as white women are also delegates. Here again economic necessity overcomes race prejudice.

If the negroes should go North in any numbers, all the bitterness which Northern workingmen feel toward foreigners would be multiplied toward the negroes whom they saw taking their jobs. Side by side with this ill-feeling there would be of course the gratification of the Northern capitalist at the lowering of the standard of wages by the immigration of negroes for mining and other disagreeable sorts of labor. On the whole, this scheme for the South getting rid of the negroes is as chimerical as the plan

to ship them to Africa. Northern workingmen, however stupid they are in looking out for their interests in other respects, are too intelligent and well organized to allow an invasion by a horde of negroes.

Another plan for the disposal of the negro and the very antithesis of the riddance method is to absorb them by intermarriage. But consider! It is a fact that if a person have so much as one per cent of negro blood in his veins, that person is not white, but a negro. It is evident then that we cannot absorb the negro for the simple reason that since a single drop of negro blood makes a negro, instead of our absorbing them, they would absorb us, and in time we would all be negroes!

Moreover, this proposal, so far as it is suggested by actual miscegenation, hardly takes full account of the origin of most half-breeds, i. e., the incontinence of white men and the poverty of black women. Chastity is not yet such an antiquated virtue that we are ready for race mixture according to its present method, and as for seriously proposing intermarriage as a solution of the race problem, this raises some large questions. E. g., would a mixed race be superior to a pure one? There is no question that the negro race is improved by an intermixture of white blood, so that there is a common saying, "No full-blooded negro ever did anything." But few white men would be willing to exchange a pure white lineage for a mixed one. Futile enough then is it to ask whites to mix with blacks for the benefit of the blacks. The theory of evolution knows no example of one species sacrificing itself for the sake of another species, and the white variety of genus homo, whatever the propensities of individuals may do, is not yet altruistic enough to give itself away by race mixture.

Moreover, how is any such method to be made effectual? Certainly not by legislative inducements. That would be paternalism gone mad. And what class in the community has any interest in such a result? Legislation is only the expression of class desires. If any class has any such interest as this, it is the negroes themselves, and it is simply ludicrous in view of present conditions and sentiments to suppose such a demand on the part of negroes to be effective.

It is evident that in any attempt to work out the solution of the negro problem, whether by extermination, deportation, diffusion or absorption, full weight must be given to the desires of the different classes interested. There is no typical Southern white man, but there are several classes of white men, each having its own interests, and its attitude to the negro is determined by these interests.

The South is at the beginning of a new industrial era. The introduction of large plants of steam and electric driven ma-

chinery is fast changing her industrial complexion. Will this not inevitably intensify the difficulties of the "negro problem?" As the white laborer is ground down more and more severely by his economic masters, so that he will be unable to make use of the negro, but will only look at him as a rival, his antipathy to him will inevitably become greater and greater, unless, as I hope to show later, common misery will open the door for a solution of both their problems, by securing economic freedom for both.

Still another plan for settling the negro problem, and the only one that has met with any measure of unanimity is negro disenfranchisement. Why do not the whites want the negroes to vote? The reason seems to be rather an instinctive than a reasoned one. Government is a tool of the economically dominant class, and when that dominant class sees political power arbitrarily put into the hands both of an alien class and of a hitherto subject class—negroes were but the tools of Northern politicians—the economically dominant class is sure to rebel. A false ideal, that of political power and preferment was set before the negro at the outset. The whole story of his enfranchisement and present disenfranchisement is an illustration of the folly of putting a class into a political position that did not correspond to its economic position. This process, enforced at the point of the bayonet, produced a hatred of the negro race, as a race, which quite overlooked the value and power of individuals within the race. This movement for disenfranchisement becomes still more intelligible in view of the industrial revolution taking place in the South. This means eventually great political changes, signs of which are already apparent. The traditional democratic ideals are giving place to practical republican prospects of prosperity. Capitalistic interests, North and South, are becoming one. Republicanism is in the ascendant. Now republicanism, as such, cares nothing for the negro. Whatever its origin, the Republican party is the party of special privilege. Hence, even the most staunch Republicans of the North look on with indifference while the so-called Democrats of the South proceed to disenfranchise the negro. When he is disenfranchised, then the board will be cleared for the coming issues between the party of privilege and its opponents. These opponents, mostly Democrats, do not want to be handicapped by a horde of purchaseable negroes, traditionally Republican, while those heading toward the Republican camp are as content to have the negro element eliminated as their Republican brethren in the North are to put a property qualification on Northern voters.

In a word, the necessity for political issues conforming to economic issues accounts for the disenfranchisement of the negro. Economically a drag, he becomes a political hindrance, and so both parties agree to shut him out. To put it more plainly—

since the negro is a menace in economic and social life, he must be eliminated from political life.

That this solution of the negro problem is no solution at all must soon be apparent. He is here still, even if he cannot vote. Women must still live in hourly fear of him, workingmen must still dread his competition, property owners must still support him, so that the question, "What shall we do with the negro?" rears its head as real and lively as ever. If then we cannot absorb the negro, nor get rid of him, what shall we do with him to save ourselves, for our very perplexity in knowing what to do with him shows our fear of what he will do with us. It is not concern for him but concern for ourselves that underlies our anxiety.

Another plan is to "elevate" him. Numerous and persistent efforts to do this by religious propaganda and academic education have been tried and found wanting, until it is gradually coming to be recognized that his nature cannot be changed without changing his conditions, or, in other and classical language, the economic basis of his life must be altered before his habits and character will be modified.

A notable effort in this direction is under the guidance of Booker Washington at Tuskegee, Ala. Mr. Washington's plan is to educate the negro, not in any superficial way, but industrially, so that the superstructure of culture may rest on a firm foundation of economic efficiency. The motto of his book, "The Future of the American Negro," may be said to be a quotation from Fred. Douglass, quoted with approval. It reads:

"We are to prove that we can better our own condition. One way to do this is to accumulate property. This may sound to you like a new gospel. You have been accustomed to hear that money is the root of all evil, etc. On the other hand property—money, if you please—will purchase for us the only condition by which any people can rise to the dignity of genuine manhood, etc." (p. 229). Says Mr. Washington (p. 85): "There is an unmistakable influence that comes over a white man when he sees a black man living in a stwo-story brick house that has been paid for." Again (p. 93): "The white man respects the vote of a colored man who does ten thousand dollars' worth of business." Again (p. 176): "The negro will be on a different footing in this country when it becomes common to associate the possession of wealth with a black skin." Again (p. 85): "Suppose there was a black man who had business for the railroads to the amount of ten thousand dollars a year. Do you suppose that when that black man takes his family aboard the train, they are going to put him into a Jim Crow car, and run the risk of losing that \$10,000 a year? No, they will put on a Pullman palace car for him."

(One might ask Mr. Washington parenthetically if he knows of the non-reception of rich Jews at hotels in the North.)

Then Mr. Washington tells a story of a negro who "owns two or three houses and lots, has a good education and a comfortable bank account." One white man speaking to another of this negro exclaimed: "By gosh! It's all I can do to keep from calling that nigger 'Mister.'" "That is the point we want to get to," is Booker Washington's comment.

Of course he does not overlook the necessity of acquiring habits of thrift, neatness, dispatch, honesty and the whole circle of virtues that cluster around property possession, and he sees that these, like property itself, are means to an end. "If we make ourselves," he says on page 195, "intelligent, industrious, economical and virtuous, of value to the community in which we live, we can and will work out our salvation right here in the South," and by "salvation" he means, as he says later, "safety and happiness."

Now let us analyze this plan of "elevation by industrial education" for solving the negro problem. That this is an immense advance over the quick and ready plan of giving him "culture" and "religion," there can be little doubt. Mr. Washington grasps clearly the idea that it is only upon the foundations of economic well being that the negro can be elevated. "Until there is industrial independence it is hardly possible to have good living and a pure ballot in the country districts. In these (Gulf) States it is safe to say that not more than one black man in twenty owns the land he cultivates. Where so large a proportion of the people are dependent, live in other people's houses, eat other people's food, and wear clothes they have not paid for, it is pretty hard to expect them to live fairly and vote honestly" (p. 38). That the negro must be well off before he will be good, Mr. Washington sees, and his institution and his book are his answer to the question how to make him well off. His answer is: Give him intelligence and skill in the production of wealth, so that he may grasp the opportunities that lie before him. "When he has done this, I believe that * * * he will be treated with justice, will be given the protection of the law, and will be given the recognition in a large measure which his usefulness and ability warrant" (p. 232).

Let us grant freely that this is true. But what is the assumption upon which this whole argument and method rest. In a word, this: that opportunity is open and that there is only lack of ability on the part of the individual negro to seize it. The fact that this is so largely true gives a potency to the argument which is wanting in many communities, where it is evident that no matter what skill a man possesses, he cannot by the severest economy and most diligent thrift and intelligent effort honestly become well-

to-do. The reason is because the stream of wealth, whether at its sources or at its narrows, is under the control of other agents than himself, so that no matter how much the worker produces, all but a bare living is diverted into the pockets of these other agents. It may go in the form of taxes, it may pass into tribute to patent rights or to legislative combinations of capital, or it may be swallowed up in rent.

But the negro is so palpably ignorant and thriftless and immoral, that the inference is easy that if he were skillful and economical and honest and temperate, vast opportunities would be open to him that are not open now. Within strict limits this is true. Supposing that one negro in ten could become what a few have become under Mr. Washington's direction. They would be vastly better off than they are now. But let us suppose all the negroes to be intelligent and thrifty and honest, and that the possession of resources, agricultural, mining, transportation, distribution, exchange, land sites, etc., to be still under the control of idle profit-reapers, would the negro problem be eliminated? Only the rashest of optimists can think so. An educated proletariat is a noble spectacle for gods and men, but "safety and happiness" are no more surely their lot than of an ignorant proletariat. Increasing sensitiveness of wants, without the means to supply those wants, but adds to the burden of life.

Not one word of this criticism is meant in derogation or discouragement of the education of the negro. There is no other solution of the negro problem than education. He cannot be killed off or carried off. He cannot be absorbed by miscegenation. He cannot be left alone, because he will not leave us alone. In his present condition he hangs as a heavy weight holding back the South from material and cultural progress. He must be educated. But this education must not be one-sided. As it has erred on the side of being too emotional or academic, so now it may be one-sided in being too mechanical and industrial. Herbert Spencer has said that to prepare us for complete living is the function which education has to discharge. Now what does this involve? "Complete living" depends upon the production and consumption of wealth. So long as this was a simple individual or domestic matter, preparation for it might excusably be limited. But when, as now, the production of wealth has become a social matter, and its distribution has become a matter of universal importance, no man, white or black, is educated in any sense of the word whatsoever who does not understand his economic relation to the social body. To make the negro skillful, thrifty, honest, prudent, chaste, is good as far as it goes, but to leave him there ignorant of the fact that the more he produces the greater tribute he must pay to the social pests, the parasites

who control the resources of wealth, is but to damn him to a more exacting slavery than he has yet endured. Worse than that, it enables him to press with more crushing weight on his white fellow workmen. Fine a thing as it is to "educate" in Booker Washington's sense, all the workers of the South, the "poor white trash," as well as the negroes, unless that education will enable them to overthrow the power of their economic masters, they are not yet free. It may or may not pay their masters to treat them well, but be it plainly recognized that their fuller education of hand, head and heart, recommended by Mr. Washington, is a contribution not so much to their own well being as to their serviceability to the possessors of the means of production.

It may well be granted that until the negro gains intelligence and self-control enough to make the most of present opportunities, he will in no degree be able to grasp the momentous fact that he is still a slave and must free himself from his bondage, and therefore we may well wish success to every effort to enlarge his powers of perception, reflection and creation. At the same time we refuse to say, "Peace, peace, when there is no peace." Whatever industrial schools may be able to do for individuals, making a higher grade of producers out of them whose especial ability enables them to rise above their fellows, these individuals are still slaves, producing first for others. So long as special privilege remains, so long as the financial, industrial and political institutions are in the hands of irresponsible owners of the means of production, it is simply playing into their hands to increase the efficiency of the workers. Germany's experience in this matter, writ in U. S. official educational reports, so plain that he who runs may read, may well calm our enthusiasm for industrial education as a panacea. German industrial education, so thoroughly carried out as to make the term "made in Germany" a terror to the capitalists of other lands, has succeeded most marvellously in making skillful and careful slaves out of rude and ignorant boors. With what result? Truly not the workers' "safety and happiness." Supposing that there have been left to them some gleanings of the advantages of Germany's industrial prosperity. It is their industrial masters who have reaped the bulk of the harvest of wealth. The only consolation is that the general rise of intelligence involved in industrial education is making possible the comprehension by German workmen of the fact of their exploitation.

So Tuskegee Industrial School, while it contributes directly to the advantage of the exploiters of skilled negro labor, indirectly makes it possible for these skilled blacks to recognize the fact of their exploitation, and encourages them to put an end to it.

But supposing that along with all sorts of creative and artistic

methods of education, the blacks were given thorough courses in economics and civics, not the falsehoods and twaddle published by a book trust, but fearless expositions of modern wage slavery, then we might look with hope on the future of the American negro and American white man. When the negro is taught to vote for his own interests regardless of his Republican "friends" and Democratic "masters," then his future will become hopeful.

But Mr. Washington says (p. 139 : "When the negro votes, he should try to consult the interests of his employer, just as the Pennsylvania employe tries to vote for the interests of his employer." Little wonder that this book is commended by far-sighted defenders of private capitalism, and that it is sent out with the compliments of the directors of a bequest left by a millionaire philanthropist. It is a "safe" book.

No, no, cordially as we approve of industrial education, we cannot trust the wisdom of one who advises the members of his race to blindly vote in the interests of their employers.

How then can the negro problem be solved? Riddance of them is not a solution. It is cutting the Gordian knot. Absorption is chimerical. Disenfranchisement is only a makeshift. Industrial education is only indirectly helpful. That the problem is complicated, no one who has looked at it first hand can doubt. But amid all the tangle of racial prejudice, sexual fear and industrial dread, one fact looms large, viz., that the problem is essentially an economic problem, and as such it does not differ essentially from the Chinese problem on the Pacific coast nor the ignorant foreigner problem in the North. It is quite beside the mark to discuss the question of social amenities between the races. It is almost as futile to countenance or discountenance sexual relations between them. To approve or disapprove their political equality is out of court. These questions all involve adjustments that will and must be made on the basis of some economic status. All these other features present problems because the making of a living both by whites and blacks is unsatisfactory. When the white man settles that problem satisfactorily for himself, it will be settled for the black man too, and with its solution will come a procession of solutions of the attendant problems.

When the negro is economically free, he will not trench upon the white man's industrial rights. There will be work enough, or rather enough reward for work, for both when natural and social resources are made available to all. When the black man receives, not simply all that he produces himself, but his share of what all produce together, he will cease to be a parasite. With leisure and wealth to spend on "the higher life" his coarseness and intemperance will be refined away and he will cease to be a sexual

menace. Finally when workingmen have sense enough to vote for their own interests and substitute an industrial democracy for an oligarchical plutocracy, their interests will be and will be seen to be identical with the interests of all wealth producers, black, yellow, red, brown and white, and in the triumph of labor will be gone forever the fear of negro domination.

William Noyes.

Our Common Aims.



THE Pulpit and the Press gush about the wonderful "progress" of the past and the expectation in the future. This "progress," so far, has resulted in making for our selves and for our fellows the most perfect of hells. With our labor-saving and man-destroying machines, with our devices for intensifying fierce and unnatural competition, we have made it practically impossible for anyone to be happy. We have only to look in the faces of our fellows and see how we are feeding each other with fire.

Therefore "all such as are religiously and devoutly disposed" set themselves—to allay suffering and to relieve want. I do not. While we live as we do, we ought to thank God that we and our brethren do suffer so, for only so can we learn that our lives are wrong. We are in want and misery or in affluence and deeper want, and we ought to be in want—every one of us—for we are of one flesh and together, as a community, we disregard the natural law, which we call the law of God, by which our wants might be supplied.

To me the most encouraging feature of the beginning of the New Century is; not the hospitals and the charities, the civil service and the absence of war in our borders; not the increased production and the better education; no, it is the manifest misery and sickness and pauperism, the dishonesty of government, the industrial war, the "over production" and the ignorance, that threaten to overwhelm us. These are the voices of our brother's blood that still cry from the ground until we recognize our sin. The promise of the New Century is that in it we may sweep away all this progress toward perdition and all the evil conditions that we create.

Our hope of the coming century is that it will see a peaceful but tremendous revolution. A total doing away with things as they are and the introduction of the Economic Kingdom of Heaven upon Earth. We say, as Jesus said two thousand years ago, "Behold the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand." As Herron says (Introduction to "Things as They Are").

"Subjectively—that is, as regards our own minds—the kingdom of Heaven is a state in which man loves all his kind, and lives in communion with the love that is the substance of all things, without regard to reward or return. Self is eliminated from the horizon of thought and purpose. The affections enter that region of boundless selflessness in which one bestows all there is of himself upon the evil and the good, the loving and the

unloving, the farthest and the nearest, without estimating the worth of one above the other. He does not value his personal existence. He has no "interests." He lives in a universal communism of love. He dwells in a realm in which there is neither "mine" nor "thine," a realm beyond the reach of weights and measures, morals and laws. All there is of God's is his, and all there is of himself is his brethren's. Nothing can happen to him, for he has nothing to do with happenings. From his point of view nothing is evil. Beneath the shadows and the appearances of things, he abides in eternal love and life. Where he is, there is only good, love, and liberty."

"Objectively—that is, as regards the universe—the kingdom of heaven is a society in which all men work for the common good, and each receives according to his needs or power to use; a society in which no man calls anything his own because all belongs to every one; a society in which there is neither wage nor interest, neither price nor bargain; a society in which there is no more question about how much one shall have over and above another than there is question about a division of the air for individual breathing. The coming kingdom of heaven on earth will realize, in all economic facts, the highest inward aspirations of the soul."

We believe that this kingdom of heaven is to be reached by the broad way of Liberty and, as the fundamental of man's life is the land, we believe that this liberty must begin, but not end, with the liberation of the land.

The single tax on land values then is a means toward equal freedom; it is not an end in itself but a way of working out righteousness.

Let me say in a few words about what it is. We believe, as all Socialists believe, that men have equal rights, and that no man is more entitled than his brother to the use of the resources of the earth, which were here before he came and will be here equally after he is gone. Nor is he more entitled than the rest to what value the general growth and improvement of the community creates. Therefore, we hold that everyone should pay all the rest for any special advantage of situation on the earth, and we should accordingly take, in taxes for the community, the entire value of land.

We believe that each man is entitled to all that his labor produces, and that therefore no tax should be levied on the products of labor. For further particulars we refer to the single tax platform in that admirable little book, "The Shortest Road to the Single Tax."

Most of us have so much understanding of what the single

tax is, but few even of the most advanced realize how much it means.

I think it is clear that the taxation of land up to its full annual value would abolish interest.

Socialists have done a great work by abundantly showing that if the wastes of business were done away with, two or three hours' work per day each man would produce all the wealth we now produce; and also that the fierce competition, born of monopoly, is responsible for most of these wastes. But the revolution will not stop at mere economies, however vast.

Not only would the freeing of the land, by taxing it to its full value, and taxing nothing else, destroy speculation in land and therefore destroy the monopolies of natural resources which breed this fierce competition with its attendant waste, but it would open to all labor the very best opportunities to work, thereby incredibly increasing production.

This would make wealth so abundant that instead of men getting a price or premium for the use of it, they would be willing to give a part of it for its mere safe keeping.

Mr. George, in "Progress and Poverty," destroyed the theory of the basis of interest and then painfully built interest up again on a false foundation, thereby destroying the common ground, almost the starting point, from which reformers might work together for the destruction of our present system of organized iniquity.

We may leave to the imagination the far-reaching efforts of the abolition of speculation in land and the discontinuance of interest. No man to-day knows the changes that it will make.

Bolton Hall.

20 East 65th Street, New York.

The Accomplishments of Opportunism.

From the *Neue Zeit*.



THE idea of the supremacy of the proletariat, which forms the climax of the revolutionary policy of the social democracy, may be summed up in these essential outlines: the proletariat, having become the majority of the nation, takes possession of the political powers. The political and military institutions of the state will be reorganized on the basis of the most far-reaching democracy. The abuse of the coercive power of the state will be forestalled so that it can no longer enforce the will of an economically ruling minority on the masses. One department of production after another passes into the hands of the state. Under these circumstances the state is transformed from a machine for the oppression of the people into an administrative organism. The proletariat will promote the development of communal property, of communal plants and co-operatives with all the political and economic power at its disposal. Private property in the means of production disappears and capitalist production makes room for socialism.

Now it is precisely the supremacy of the proletariat that is most criticized by opportunists. Not that they absolutely deny the possibility of this supremacy, but they question it, remove it into the far distance and want to eliminate it above all from the considerations of the present. According to them, the conditions are still so immature that the proletariat would only blunder in its legislation if it assumed control of the machinery of state. And its advent to power would end in a colossal defeat of the working class. For the present, therefore, they say, we must leave the control of the state in the hands of those who are now holding it, the landed aristocracy, the bankers, the captains of industry. We should view every electoral victory with evil forebodings because it brings us a step nearer to our—defeat. But with his characteristic inconsistency, the opportunist avoids as a matter of course to draw the logical conclusion from his premises. What has opportunism to offer instead of the supremacy of the proletariat, which it refuses to consider? If not by the conquest of the political powers, how should the proletariat abolish capitalist exploitation? What is to be done, how must the working class begin in order to realize this aim? In short, what is the essence of the much vaunted practical policy of opportunism? Let us try to obtain an answer to these questions from practical opportunism.

It is natural that opportunism, in giving up the hope of a

proletarian supremacy in politics, should try to mediate between proletariat and bourgeoisie. Where socialism has hitherto exposed the sharpest class antagonisms, there opportunism is looking for points of compromise. It strives to smooth the sharp edges, to harmonize the contrasts. In this way those theories of adaptation, of gradually growing into another state of society, etc., are born, by which opportunism tries to hide the hopelessness of its position from itself and from the world. Let us observe what results opportunism has to show when it attempts to apply its theories in practice.

One should think that opportunism would first of all consider nationalization. That would be a way in which nothing could be done without the consent of the capitalist class, and yet production could be withdrawn from the hands of private property. This is also the basis on which dogmatic socialism is founded. But it is just this idea of nationalization from which the opportunists keep farthest away. Why? The reason is clear: they are afraid of the state. They repeat over and over again that the state is continuously and spontaneously becoming more and more democratic, but in practice they themselves recoil from the consequences of their theoretical reasoning.

If not nationalization, then perhaps communalization? Opportunism dwells at great length on this topic, but one vainly seeks to discover what new, practical ideas opportunism has to offer on this subject. The socialist party has developed its communal policy without violating its revolutionary principles in the least. On the contrary, its activity in the communes only brings new proofs of the necessity of changing the organizations of the capitalist state and of capitalist property. Whether it is a question of homes, of electrical plants, of street cleaning, of placing a few more street lamps in the laboring quarters, or of similar matters, everywhere in communal affairs we finally strike the question of ground rent. The property owners use all progress, all improvements, for the purpose of raising the rent. If we tax them, they shift the taxes to the tenants. But while the revolutionary socialist strives to emphasize those points that bring the policy of the communes into contradiction with the capitalist form of ownership, the opportunist considers them as so much ballast weighing on his movements like lead and as so many obstacles to his positive activity. The opportunist cannot solve the contradiction, therefore he seeks to escape from it by undertaking insignificant tasks that do not show such sharp contradictions. But the less practical value his activity has, the more daring are the theoretical speculations which he founds on it. The revolutionist as a local politician does not find any satisfaction in anything. He has a sharp eye for all defects and

shortcomings and for this reason becomes an active force in the commune. The opportunist as a communal politician always has his hands full of "positive" work. He is as busy as a mole, and like this little animal remains in a narrow tunnel. He raises every trifle to a matter of utmost importance and thinks he has laid the fundament of socialism when he has erected public shower baths and public closets.

The opportunist believes that he can transform capitalism by municipal reform measures. In reality municipal reform is wrecked on the capitalist system and remains mere patch work. It is not only prevented by capitalist conditions, but transformed so that its results are often the reverse of what was intended. For instance, water-pipes and a sewer system are extended into a suburb, a street railway is built, etc., for the purpose of benefiting the working population by such improvements, and the consequence is that the workingmen are driven out of their houses, because officials, teachers, small capitalists and others move to the suburb, driving the rents higher.

Proletarian reforms in the municipalities cannot give an equivalent for the national policy of the proletariat. They rather require a fundamental transformation of the economic structure of society that cannot be carried out without the supremacy of the proletariat. In neglecting to take this factor into account, opportunism also undermines the basis of all practical activity that tends to pass beyond the horizon of the well-known social reform mayors.

Another pet topic of the opportunists is that of the co-operatives, especially of co-operatives of consumption. Again one is greatly embarrassed to find out what special suggestions opportunism can make in practice. True, the standpoint of the party in this matter was for a long time one-sided and narrow, but it has not only never interfered with the development of the consumers' co-operatives, but actually furthered it. The party rejoices over the progress of these co-operatives, but that is no reason for indulging in any illusions about the economic influence and the social value of these institutions and other co-operatives. Against the attempts of the middle class politicians to strangle the co-operatives by state legislation, the party has always taken a determined stand—not so much because the co-operatives are socialistic institutions, but because the question of indirect taxation of consumers is involved. Beyond that, the party can do little more for the benefit of the co-operatives than general propaganda work. The opportunists themselves are far from inviting the party to go in for a general foundation of consumers' clubs, for that would indeed lead very quickly to a "colossal defeat."

This sums up all those measures that aim with more or less success at a transformation of the economic structure of society or of the conditions underlying exploitation. It is an extremely meager harvest which opportunism yields: no transformation of private property by political measures, no nationalization, a municipal reform doomed to being patchwork and, finally, consumers' clubs. Nothing that has not already been considered by the party without becoming opportunistic, nothing that would advance the party in these fields, only utopian phantasmagorias and illusions. That is what they call "practical" politics! There is only one difference. The party does one thing without neglecting the other, e. g., it carries on an energetic municipal reform without discarding the principle of the conquest of the political powers, a conquest that would make it possible to change the general conditions in a state and open up entirely new possibilities in the municipalities. But opportunism uses municipal reform as a screen to cover the lack of a revolutionary principle and thereby dissolves municipal politics into shallow bourgeois reform activity.

However much opportunists may assert that they are socialists or even revolutionaries, the fact remains that in their practice any fundamental transformation of the economic structure of society recedes far into the background. For them socialism is at best an article of faith which they recite automatically without seriously thinking of realizing it in actual life. For this reason the opportunists are so willing to leave the field of propaganda to socialism. Talk of socialism as much as you like, but that has nothing to do with practice, there you must use practical politics. Touch the principle? By no means. Only the principle is one thing, and tactics another, which is directly opposite to the principle!

The farther opportunists remove socialism to the dim distance, to the realm of imagination, the more they learn to submit to capitalist conditions. That is quite different from adapting yourself to circumstances in order to exploit them for preconceived purposes. This difference is best seen in the labor legislation.

In formulating its demands for the protection of laborers, the social democracy takes into account the general conditions of capitalist production. So far as the restriction of exploitation is thereby involved, factory legislation stands and falls with capitalism. The social democracy goes still further and considers the general industrial conditions of the country in formulating its demands. But all this does not satisfy the "practical" opportunists. As this is a question of legislation, the opportunist first of all inquires after the parliamentary constellation. What will the

bourgeois parties say? What attitude will the government assume? And the opportunist reduces his demands, although he is convinced of their practicability, simply in order to get the required number of votes in parliament and the consent of the government. Thus that sham legislation is made of which the normal working day and the arbitration bill of Millerand are the most glaring examples. Instead of bringing pressure to bear on the parliamentary parties, instead of influencing the composition of the parliament; in short, instead of adapting the parliament to their own will, the opportunists from the outset submit to the bourgeois majority in parliament.

When this opportunistic tactic in labor legislation takes the place of a policy that drives the political contrasts to extremes, it may, perhaps, score a few points for a short while. The bourgeois parties are then glad that the tension relaxes and, therefore, make a few concessions on their part. Also opportunism does not owe those successes to itself, but it merely accepts an inheritance, it exchanges the capital stored up by long years of revolutionary agitation for small coin. It is easy to understand that opportunists having no prospects, no political hopes, no final aim, making of socialism a vague utopian ideal the revolutionary element of which surpasses their horizon, strive for immediate "positive" results, for the sake of which they sacrifice the past and the future. But this political squandering ends still more rapidly and more ignominiously than any other form of wasting. The bourgeoisie, that first welcomes the willingness of the social democracy to compromise, becomes more and more reserved the more its antagonist tries to meet it. The bourgeois is too good a business man to leave any advantage unexploited. The less energetically the social democracy behaves, the less it is respected. In the same measure grows the urbanity with which it is treated. "Laws of exception against socialists? For goodness sake, no! You only stamp their leaders as martyrs and incite the masses! Why do that? They are quite nice, approachable fellows who are willing to listen to reason. Reform politics? Why, yes, of course, just demands of laborers! Only, one thing at the time. The state, the government, is overburdened with work anyway. Just think how much worry the conditions in the far East give them! The support of our kinsmen in South Africa, the Boers, and the agreements with the cousin across the English Channel. Now something happens in Central America, now in Turkey. We must go into world politics. Then there is the army and navy. By the way—the building of armored vessels gives employment to laborers. That is also social reform politics! Therefore, patience! By and by, some future time—why not, indeed? We are modern thinkers. You say yourself

that evolution proceeds of itself—slowly, slowly. We shall also go into reform politics occasionally, only just at present we must raise the revenue taxes on food products!”

No man will long for a return of the time when the party was under the bane of that shameful law. But let us not forget, that the German social democracy did not defeat the laws of exception by licking the hand that swung the lash over it, but by an iron obstinacy. It was not because the social democracy had effected a reconciliation with the capitalist state, but because it had become an awe-inspiring power under the laws of exception that these laws were repealed. And this wholesome dread of the social democracy is also the main active force in labor legislation. The classical testimony of Bismarck proves that: “If it were not for the dread of the social democracy, we should not have even what little social reform we possess.” Therefore revolutionary agitation and social reform go hand in hand. When the proletariat prepares to lift the whole capitalist order of society out of its hinges, then the bourgeoisie passes labor laws in order to pacify them. When the proletarians leave the economic bases of society undisturbed and modestly demand the ten-hour day, then the latter is not granted, but they are merely consoled with the prospect of the eleven-hour day, so as not to make them too grasping!

Leaving aside the open antagonism dictated by exploitation, even the hostile indifference of the capitalist class in all matters benefiting the working class can only be broken by the pressure of the masses. The opportunist may demonstrate ever so learnedly and eloquently to the capitalist that a shortening of hours would not decrease the daily output of the laborers, still the employer will stick to his old working time, unless he is forced to change it. But by adapting his labor bills to the bourgeois majority in parliament, the opportunist lessens their attraction for the laboring class. He demands, e. g., not the eight-hour day, but the ten or eleven-hour day, because he hopes to force the latter through parliament so much easier. Thereby he eliminates the most advanced class of industrial laborers who already have the nine-hour day and who have no longer any practical interest in the ten-hour day. The lessened interest of the masses is naturally felt in public. Parliament finds itself less pressed from without. In consequence it does not grant even the eleven-hour day. The argument employed by the opportunist for defending the short normal working day, this most essential demand of modern labor legislation, is also very characteristic. He wishes to prove above all, that the reduction in the hours of labor will not result in losses, but in a gain for the employers. Now, it is assuredly an important matter to expose the capitalist exagger-

ations of the disturbing influence of labor legislation. But we just as surely are not supposed to demand only such factory legislation as does not attack the capitalist interests. In that case we could never obtain a prohibition of child labor, of night work, etc. The consideration of capitalist interests lessens the agitational value of labor legislation for the laborers, whose interests can never be consistently defended without interfering with the interests of the exploiters.

So we see that also in labor legislation the attempt of opportunism to come to an understanding by leaving out the class struggle leads simply to a paralyzation of the political activity of the proletariat. Capital, which represents the ruling class and has only to defend the existing conditions, is simply the gainer, if the severity of the class struggle is tempered, if the opposition against its ruling attitude relaxes. This explains the longing of the capitalists for "social peace."

The trade-unions! The bourgeois press, way up into the stricks of the haute bourgeoisie, regards the trade unions as labor organizations that make themselves at home on the ground of capitalist society and take care of certain interests without touching the foundations of capitalism. Opportunism, however, declares that the development of the trade unions leads to strangling the capitalist class, to gradually eliminating capitalist property. This thought is by no means original. It is the old gag which the capitalist loves to circulate during strikes for the purpose of inciting public opinion against the working men: the trade union wants to be boss instead of the employer. Both of these views are exaggerations. The trade unions are by no means harmless, they are proletarian fighting organizations that direct their point against capitalist exploitation.

But although they are fighting organizations, they are nevertheless incapable of overturning by themselves the economic structure of capitalist society. Their activity is only another proof of the necessity of those political and economic changes that are to be inaugurated by the supremacy of the proletariat. No one thinks any longer of denying the connection between the activity of the trade unions and labor legislation. But it was also shown above that opportunism obstructs the development of labor legislation. The opportunist standpoint is a hindrance to practical trade unionism. The trade unions must take into account the industrial situation, competition and other capitalist conditions, because all these factors greatly influence the result of the fight. But when the situation is favorable, then the trade unions risk an attack on capital, even if industrial evolution and competition suffer in consequence. The more extensive and lasting a strike is, the greater will be the damage done to industry

and the more difficult it will be to repair the damage, unless, indeed, the employers themselves provoke a strike. But all these arguments of the employers are met by the trade unions with the declaration: "We want conditions that enable us to live like human beings!" In other words: "If we were to consider capitalist interests, we should never get out of our misery. Therefore we oppose human interests to the interests of capitalist accumulation, of competition. If capitalist society cannot satisfy our demands, then down with this society." The commodity, "labor power," lifts its human voice and protests against this transformation of men into economic puppets, protests against the whole economic structure the indispensable factor of which is the commodity "man." But opportunism pays heed most to capitalist shortcomings. It is anxiously solicitous of industrial interests, and therefore it is first in lending a hand to hinder a strike in the interest of industrial development, first to condemn a trade union that goes into action. I only need to recall Bernstein's attitude in the great machinist's strike in England. The opportunist tries to conciliate here also, and attributes great importance to wage scales, boards of arbitration, etc. By restraining and dulling the trade unions' fight more than necessary, he imagines that he is exterminating capitalism.

No matter what opportunism undertakes, it always plays the same game. Not taking any actual account of the possibility of proletarian supremacy or of a social revolution, opportunism supposes an indefinite duration of capitalist production. Consequently it remains helpless, does not look for escape when in taking care of labor interests it meets obstacles that are the result of the innate essence of capitalist production, the element of exploitation. And the "practical" policy of opportunism is nothing but a constant turning on of the brake, a restraining of the proletarian class struggle in all its manifestations.

Whoever places himself on the ground of capitalist production, must also accept the capitalist state. Opportunism testifies to its surrender to capitalist production by theoretically blurring the line of demarcation between capitalism and socialism. In like manner it tries to conceal its surrender to the capitalist state by pointing to the continually increasing democratization of the state. But the democratic form does not abolish the class character of the state. Opportunism must learn this lesson at every step. The more it restricts its labor legislation, the more it is forced to practice capitalist politics.

How can the opportunist, e. g., fight the colonial policy on principle, when he knows only too well from his study of Marx that the capitalist state must adopt expansion, if it is not to be crushed by the weight of its overproduction? Hence he con-

fines his critique to superficialities and finally lives only by the grace of those colonial bandits and personal rascals who keep the column of "colonial outrages" filled and thereby facilitate his opposition. As for the rest—why should not Germany occupy Kiaotchou? Why should the Russians and Englishmen have everything? Why should not "we" have our share as well as others? Whoever cannot dispose of these thoughts, will soon recite the whole colonial liturgy. And though he may continue to protest against individual scandals, he will soon learn to close his eyes to this blood and iron policy as a whole. For what is expansion? The attempt to force capitalist exploitation on other nations that live in natural surroundings and resist with body and soul against the yoke of capital. And expansion is better accomplished by guns and lashes than by parliamentary speeches.

While a certain freedom of choice may still exist in deciding for or against colonial expansion, there is none whatever in militarism. Strip a modern capitalist state of its army, and it ceases to exist? The militia? But a militia formed by the mass of the workers will never be granted by the capitalist class. The only reason is that capitalists need the army against internal foes, and this throws the whole opportunistic vamping about harmony into confusion. The fact is, the transformation of standing armies into militia cannot be brought about in the modern industrial states, until the proletariat seizes the political power. As the opportunist does not reckon with the political supremacy of the proletariat, his "practical" policy is confined to becoming reconciled to the standing army. And so we see him preparing to vote for the military budget. True, he does not dare to be consistent even here. He would not be averse to granting new and improved arms and accoutrements, but he distinguishes between bills relating to armaments and purely military bills that demand an increase of numbers. The distinction does not hold good. In modern warfare not only the arms, but also the number of soldiers decide. If we venture on the field of military expediency, we soon become convinced that a small, though well-equipped, army will be crushed just as surely as a strong, but poorly equipped, army. First the arms for the soldiers, then the soldiers for the arms, if you wish to be logical.

But if you give your consent to militarism, you must also give your consent to taxation. Opportunism, then, does not stop at labor legislation; it continues in democracy, it leads to a complete adaptation to capitalist state politics. And that is quite natural. The farmer and the tradesman oppose capitalism from the standpoint of certain forms of production that are ruined by it. They do not care what becomes of capitalism itself. Not so the proletariat. He does not fight for the present, but for the

future. He fights capitalism only from the standpoint of a social revolution. If he sacrifices this point of vantage, he has no other choice but to accommodate himself to the structure of capitalist society. It is not his aim to recall to life a declining order of society, as the craftsman does. The proletariat can either be the gravedigger or the subject of capitalism. But after a century of revolutionary struggle, it is not likely that the proletariat will meekly remain in capitalist slavery. The conclusion as to opportunism follows of itself.

Opportunism means a relaxation of political energy in all fields, a general retreat, a confusion and helplessness. It passes even beyond the limits implied in a renunciation of the revolutionary principle. This became especially plain in the tariff question. Here we could not only observe during the last years that the capitalist influence obscured the revolutionary aim, but also that the clamoring for a protective tariff, a hindrance to the capitalist development of Germany, found an echo in the socialist literature.

Opportunism in the ranks of the social democracy is merely a liberalism adapted to the special conditions of a parliamentary labor party.

Parvus.

(Translated by E. Untermann.)

The Co-operative Movement in Belgium.

IN bringing this sketch to a close it remains for us to show by examples and figures the results accomplished by the Co-operative movement and the influence which this movement had upon the organization and instruction in socialism of the masses of the workingmen of Belgium.

The present writer entered the socialist party about thirty years ago. The International Workingmen's Association was then a great force, although its strength has been much exaggerated.

The workingmen organized themselves into trade unions with a view to improving their condition in the way of increasing wages and reducing hours of labor.

The International had equally a political aim, the conquest of power through universal suffrage. Its members also organized Co-operatives of consumption and production in order to live more cheaply.

But the propaganda of that time took on a character rather theoretical than practical. Its chief concern was with the reorganization of the future society, the regulation of property, inheritance, the family, etc.

Next came the events of the Commune of 1871 and the reaction which followed this defeat of the proletariat of Paris.

Then at the Congress of the Hague in 1872 came the schism of the International, followed by hostile legislation, and soon the socialist movement was in a badly disorganized state. The unions were deserted by the workingmen and it was much the same with the circles for study and propaganda.

The leaders, like major-generals without soldiers, continued their theoretical discussion and predicted the explosion of the social revolution at a fixed date.

At this time the masses were becoming more and more indifferent. They had been told that the International was coming to save them, that the strikes were going to succeed, thanks to the millions that the General Council at London had in its treasury, and not one of those hopes had been realized.

In the place of the International, the National Socialist parties were gradually constituted, and in 1889 at Paris these re-established the great International by their federal union.

We trust we may not be misunderstood. The International Workingmen's Association, in propagating the truth that the interests of the workingmen of all races and all generations are

identical and that they ought to join hands, accomplished a great work. Likewise its Congresses, discussing the foundations of modern society and suggesting what the society of tomorrow ought to be, rendered a signal service to our ideas of social transformation.

But since the socialist parties in the various countries have been established, some of them have manifestly had tremendous difficulties in converting the masses of the people to the new ideas; while in Belgium, at the end of only a few years, the progress realized has been substantial.

We believe that this situation is due to the method employed by the socialists of our country, which consists in establishing everywhere co-operative societies, and in grafting upon these their ideas of future welfare and of class consciousness.

The common people as a matter of fact are very practical. They may have need of an ideal, but they are quick to grasp immediate advantages. They may desire to have some day a society better, more just and more brotherly for the benefit of all. They seek also to have as soon as possible a little more well-being or less wretchedness for themselves.

The weak side of religions is that they promise all kinds of happiness after death, whereas the believers would be very glad to have their share of paradise on earth. The weakness of the socialist party would consist in speaking of nothing but justice and the well being which the collectivist society will give. This course would attract a chosen few, but the masses would turn their backs on us.

We must not, on the other hand, be too practical; that is to say, recognize no value except in immediate tangible results. That would be giving full sway to egoism. What we need is to unite the ideal to be pursued with the good that can be realized in our present situation.

It is impossible to accomplish great things with people who are hungry, who are subjected to physical and moral misery. For the people to become happier they must be better morally and intellectually, and to that end improvements in their material condition are necessary. These improvements are possible through practical co-operation. The co-operative has an advantage that cannot be over-estimated in that it interests the workingman day in and day out, and with him his wife and his children.

Moreover, organized as the socialists would have it, the co-operative society provides resources for the party, to be used for establishing newspapers, distributing pamphlets, organizing meetings, building structures which serve us for our churches or temples, assisting strikes, taking part in election contests, etc.

It also develops the spirit of foresight in the working class

and makes it thus understood that man must make personal efforts if he wishes to improve his condition. Finally, co-operation shows by what it does the power of association. It is thus an excellent object lesson.

Let us see now what are the principal results obtained by the co-operative movement in Belgium. The Maison du Peuple of Brussels, a co-operative society of which the principal branch is a bakery, numbered about 400 members in 1885, after three years of activity, with 36,000 francs of annual receipts and a profit to distribute of 6,000 francs. In 1900, at the end of the year, the same co-operative numbers 18,000 members, each the head of a family. The total receipts for the year just closed amount to the sum of 4,225,000 francs. The balance sheet for the six months ending June 30, 1900, figures in detail the receipts of the socialist co-operative of Brussels. Here they are in round numbers:

Bakery receipts	1,273,000 francs
Coal	192,600 francs
Dry goods and novelties	204,500 francs
Restaurant	74,100 francs
Groceries	124,700 francs
Butter	60,000 francs
Milk	40,000 francs
Meats	113,000 francs
Miscellaneous receipts	31,500 francs
<hr/>	
Total	2,113,400 francs

Let us examine the same half-yearly balance sheet in its details. For the half year ending December 31, 1899, the total profit amounted to 275,000 francs. The last balance sheet shows a profit of 298,537 francs, or about 25,000 increase. It is the bakery which gives the largest portion of the surplus, 226,000 francs.

Out of the total profit the sum of 83,000 francs is devoted to the re-payment of loans for the construction of the Maison du Peuple and the new coal warehouse. A sum of 7,463 francs, representing $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent of the profit, is dividing among the employees. The medical-pharmical service for the families has occasioned an expense of 16,707 francs. The contributions, propaganda, advertising and extraordinary relief cost during the half year 14,822 francs.

There were sold 5,065,623 loaves during the half yearly period, representing a production of over 440,000 pounds of bread a week.

We subjoin also the complete balance sheet with the account of profit and loss, and the disposal of the profits.

Balance sheet for six months ending June 30, 1900:

Assets.	
Cash on hand	5,393.39 francs
Amounts due on stock subscriptions	104,165.32 francs
Shares of various co-operative societies.....	76,600.00 francs
Loans to groups and guarantees deposited.....	102,796.09 francs
Real estate, fixtures, material and equipment.....	1,990,449.78 francs
Accounts receivable	32,227.42 francs
Flour in storehouse.....	72,380.00 francs
Bread, yeast, salt, etc.....	3,585.11 francs
Wine, beer, cigars.....	35,800.95 francs
Do, Cafe Molenbeck.....	620.61 francs
Beer-cellar	1,919.34 francs
Meats at markets.....	620.61 francs
Dry goods, cloth, and novelties.....	136,802.60 francs
Coal and feed.....	34,143.00 francs
Miscellaneous goods, including butter.....	74,342.78 francs

Total2,671,739.24 francs

Liabilities.	
Capital, 22,483 shares put out.....	224,830.00 francs
Reserve	100,000.00 francs
Sinking fund	503,950.00 francs
Bread checks in circulation.....	1,542.45 francs
Deposits of groups, personal guarantees, etc.....	172,449.92 francs
Funded debt	885,000.00 francs
Accounts payable	485,429.40 francs
Profits realized	298,537.47 francs

Total2,671,739.34 francs

ANALYSIS OF THE PROFITS REALIZED.

The total of the profits is made up thus:

Net profits on miscellaneous goods.....	13,036.38 francs
Net profits on bakeries.....	226,374.41 francs
Net profit on coal.....	14,894.35 francs
Net profit on dry goods and novelties.....	21,007.81 francs
Net profit on Maison du Peuple restaurant.....	18,695.34 francs
Net profits on meats.....	654.09 francs
Profit on butter	2,284.32 francs
Net profit on Maison du Peuple Molenbeek.....	10.72 francs
Net profit on milk account	1,580.05 francs

Total profits 298,537.47 francs

DISPOSITION OF THE PROFITS.

	Francs.
Appropriation to sinking fund.....	43,050.00
Appropriation for re-payment of loans and interest on the new Maison du Peuple and the new coal ware- house	40,000.00
Appropriation to the reserve fund.....	25,000.00
Free medical attendance and medicines for co-opera- tors (heads of families).....	14,822.03
Propaganda, advertising, contributions to the party and relief to needy members.....	14,822.03
2½ per cent to the employes.....	7,463.43
2½ per cent to the co-operators on their purchases in the meat market, estimated at.....	1,000.00
To be distributed on 5,016,489 loaves at the ratio of 3 centimes per loaf.....	150,494.67

Total equal to the profits.....298,537.47

The balance sheet contains, following the report of the coun-
cil of administration numerous details which are very interesting.
We think it worth while to reproduce those relating to the bak-
ery.

BAKERY RECEIPTS.

	Francs.
Sale of 5,065,623 loaves.....	1,265,996.66
Miscellaneous receipts and inventory.....	7,612.86
Total	1,273,606.52

EXPENDITURES.

	Francs.
Inventory and merchandise (flour, etc.).....	807,384.23
Wages of employes.....	137,176.11
Fuel	16,770.85
Feed for horses and dogs, and repairs.....	11,184.57
Water, gas, taxes and insurance	6,144.03
General miscellaneous expenses	62,079.07
25,973 loaves distributed to the sick co-operators..	6,493.25
Profits realized	226,273.41
Total	1,273,606.52

Cost of a Loaf.

	Francs.
Flour	0.1537
Yeast, salt, currants.....	0.0081
Fuel	0.0034

Miscellaneous expenses	0.0274
Sinking and benefit funds	0.0073
Propaganda, advertising, etc.....	0.0059
Various general expenses	0.0142
Profit per loaf.....	0.0300

Total0.2500

There were consumed 37,673 sacks of flour, valued at 768,-625.09 francs, or about 20.40 francs, on an average, per sack. The ratio of product was 134.4 pounds of bread for 100 pounds of flour. The bakery department gave the largest profit, to the amount of 3 centimes for each kilogramme loaf, even though the bread check was paid for at the rate of only 25 centimes; that fixes the net price of the kilogramme of bread of the first quality at 22 centimes net.*

From the profit of the last half year there was deducted 43,000 francs to liquidate the cost of the equipment and the real estate of the co-operative. Then 40,000 francs on account of the capital borrowed to construct stores and other buildings. Then 25,000 francs carried to the reserve. The medicines and medical treatment given gratuitously to the sick co-operators cost nearly 15,000 francs in six months. The propaganda, appropriations to the party, and relief fund absorbed another 15,000 francs, and finally an expenditure of 6,500 francs was devoted to buying 25,973 loaves distributed to sick members.

In other words, each year, out of the profits realized by the Maison du Peuple of Brussels, there is deducted, independently of the rebate made to the members, 125,000 francs to increase the collective property of the members; 40,000 francs for relief and medical care to the sick; 30,000 francs for propaganda, and 15,000 francs for the employes under the form of profit sharing.

It need hardly be said that the employes are very well paid in comparison with the average wages at Brussels. The bakers earn about 6 francs each for an 8-hour day. There are three shifts, each working 8 hours out of the 24. The carriers earn 5 francs each and are provided with a suit of clothes.

It should also be noted that the socialist groups of Brussels, the unions, benefit societies, political leagues, study and propaganda circles are provided, free of charge, with numerous meeting places, libraries, etc.

We have thus seen the results obtained by the co-operative in the capital. Let us now see what is the condition of the

*A kilogramme is a trifle over 2.2 lbs. and a centime a trifle less than $\frac{1}{4}$ of one cent., so that the price of bread at the Maison du Peuple is a little less than 2 cents a pound.—Translator.)

VOORUIT, situated in the manufacturing city of Ghent. The VOORUIT in 1881 counted 400 members and its total receipts (it sold nothing but bread) amounted to 70,000 francs.

Ten years later the number of its members had risen to 4,600 and its total receipts to 1,532,000 francs, of which 826,000 came from the bakery. In 1899, the VOORUIT numbers 6,600 members and its total receipts for the year were 2,324,000 francs, of which 1,066,000 francs came from the sale of bread.

The Socialist Co-operative of Ghent is the most complete type that we have in Belgium. It still sells its bread checks, as a matter of fact, at a very high price, 35 centimes, which enables it to return a profit of from 13 to 15 centimes per loaf. These profits, as in the other co-operatives, are not paid in money, but in credit checks. These credit checks are received in all the sales rooms of the Society the same as specie. A co-operator, for example, who receives profits to the amount of 50 or 60 francs, takes his credit checks, buys with them bread checks or clothing, or shoes, in the spacious salesrooms of the VOORUIT.

Next in importance is the sale of coal. The VOORUIT possesses numerous coal yards and delivers the coal at the homes of its customers. Next come the grocery stores, located in the principal quarters of the city. Then, again, come drug stores, the success of which is enormous and which render great service to all the population.

The VOORUIT also has a great department store handling dry goods, shoes, notions, etc., etc.

Thus from a commercial point of view the VOORUIT is one of the most perfect organizations and there are no goods of popular consumption that this socialist co-operative does not sell.

Especially noteworthy also are the allied institutions which it controls and which are so essential to its members. First comes the BOND MOYSON or mutual sick benefit association. In consideration of a weekly payment of 5 centimes each member of the VOORUIT, in case of sickness, is entitled to six loaves of bread a week.

Other benefit funds have grown out of the Co-operative: assistance to mothers of infants, life insurance, etc. In addition to all these the VOORUIT is establishing a pension fund for the benefit of its members above 60 years of age. To be entitled to a pension one must have the requisite age and must have bought for at least twenty years an average of 150 francs a year of goods in the stores of the Co-operative, bread not included. The higher the amount of purchases has been, the higher the pension to be drawn.

It hardly need be added that the VOORUIT devotes, more-

over, a considerable part of its resources to socialist propaganda, moral education and intellectual development.

For fifteen years it has maintained a daily newspaper, has voted appropriations for the building up of its libraries, its singing societies, music, etc.

The Co-operative of Ghent has a number of places where its members make themselves at home, assembling with their families to listen to addresses and concerts.

The VOORUIT has also undertaken, as we have already described, the conquest of the country districts of Flanders, which have been kept in bigotry by an intolerant clergy. It is by founding co-operatives in the villages suffering from clericalism that they will succeed in emancipating these backward populations.

Louis Bertrand.

Socialist Deputy from Brussels.

(Translated by Charles H. Kerr.)

(To be continued.)

Paganism vs. Christianity.

Rongotea, N. Z., Sept. 14, 1901.

Dear Comrade Simons:

IHAVE been greatly interested in and somewhat amused by the series of papers on Paganism vs. Christianity, etc., in the Review. How does it happen that none of these three Socialists, writing for a Socialist Review, approaches the subject from the Socialist standpoint? It is one more proof of the truth of the saying that it is the unexpected that always happens.

I hope that some comrade who has the leisure will yet discuss it from the sole Socialistic viewpoint, viz., Economic Determinism. I have not the time to say naught of the ability, but surely it would be easy to show how Christianity, like all other religions that ever have existed, is the natural outgrowth of the economic conditions. As Comrade Stitt Wilson showed, Christianity has not been a crystallized, unchanging thing, but a fluid, living thing, acted upon and modified by external influences. But while Comrade Wilson sees this, he does not see that the dominant modifying influence has been the economic environment. Here is the key to the whole problem, and yet none of these three Socialists, not even the scientific Julian, hints at it. For these blind leaders of the blind, Marx and Loria and Ferri have lived and written in vain.

For the teeming millions of the East, with its rigid caste system, where personal hope for the betterment of one's condition has been ruthlessly crushed out for ages, Buddhism holding out the prospect of annihilation of the Ego—of Nirvana—after death, is the natural religion. Natural, in that it is the inevitable outcome of economic and social conditions.

Primitive Christianity, with its condemnation of the rich and its crude Communism, was the natural religion for the persecuted Jews and Roman slaves who formed the bulk of the early church. Any Socialist, who will read Eugene Sue's *Silver Cross*, can not but sympathize with this primitive Christianity, which, as Professor Ferri points out, has much in common with Modern Socialism.

Roman Catholicism—paganized Christianity, if you will—was in the same way the natural religion of Feudalism.

Protestantism in England and America is par excellence the natural religion of the industrial, commercial, profit-mongering bourgeoisie. How could a political economist of the Birmingham school turned theologian, formulate a religion differently?

It lays all its emphasis on the doctrine of the Atonement and personal conversion. The atonement doctrine portrays an angry God demanding a price. Jesus pays the price. But Jesus lays down certain conditions that must be complied with before he will assume the debt of the individual sinner. And as commercialism must have penalties to compel respect for property rights and enforce the collection of debts, the sinner who does not comply with the conditions must everlastingly burn. This commercial Christianity is supremely selfish and individualistic. It is simply a question of saving one's own soul. As I see it around me, here in this orthodox colony, it is simply an elaborate scheme of soul insurance against hell fire.

But Christianity is still fluid and capable of change. Since the middle of the last century the sentiment of human brotherhood has been permeating the world, and we find the great Christian singer Tennyson voicing the revolt against the current bargain counter theology in such lines as these (I quote from memory):

"But the God of Love and of Hell—together they cannot be thought;
If there be such a God, may the Great God damn him and bring him to naught."

Under Socialism, with equal conditions and the dominant sense of human solidarity, brotherhood, fellowship, must be the keynote of the Religion of the Future.

This was the chief message of Jesus and it is by no means impossible that Christianity may grow into the Religion of Socialism. Is it a mere fanciful dream to look forward to the day when the most solemn rite of Christianity, the Holy Communion, shall be transformed into a banquet of brothers, ringing the globe in its embrace, joyously marking their sense of human oneness by this catholic feast of fellowship in honor of Him who first taught and lived the life of Fellowship?

It must be borne in mind, however, that organized Christianity, the Church of to-day, is a capitalist institution and agency, just as the State is. It draws its revenues from the capitalist class and must do their bidding. As an institution it is and will be against us, but none the less in Christianity itself, it may be, there is lying dormant the germ of the Religion that is to be.

I have not touched upon how the doctrine of immortality has been and is likely to be affected by economic conditions, and can only take time to point out how this doctrine did not exist in pre-Christian Judaism, which by its year of Jubilee and other social regulations made the attainment of comfort and happiness on

earth a possibility for the great majority. Under slavery and Roman rule, earthly comfort and happiness became impossible and there sprang up the belief in future bliss. This belief has been of the utmost service to the ruling classes, as it has had a narcotic influence on the exploited and oppressed. The slave, the serf, or the wage-slave could well bear patiently a few hardships in this transitory life.

But I think it is risking little to predict that when earthly comfort shall be assured to all in the good days that are to be, mankind will lose its interest in mythical tales of joy beyond the grave, and the belief in immortality will die of atrophy.

Just a word more. Here in New Zealand I have been impressed anew with the persistency of orthodox Christianity. Bibliolatry is rampant. At times I fancy I have been caught in one of time's ebb currents and drifted back into the seventeenth century England of Cromwell and Milton.

The same state of mind is to a large extent characteristic of rural America. In propaganda work among such peoples it appears to me suicidal to attack or flout Christianity. Surely it is wiser as well as easier to point out the impossibility of realizing Christian ideals under capitalism, and to demonstrate that Socialism is the necessary economic foundation for the ethics of the Christianity of Jesus. Hastily and fraternally,

Robert Rives LaMonte.

Letter from Manila.



THE following extracts are taken from a personal letter from a Manila correspondent. For reasons which are obvious to the reader he is not able to permit the use of his name :

“Numerous strikes have occurred on the island since my short sojourn here, and two of these have been at the United States arsenal. The first was by the Chinese laborers, who were receiving 80 cents Mexican and 40 cents American, and they asked for 50 cents a day (a 10-cent raise). Being refused they quit work. The next morning their places were filled by Filipinos at the old price of 40 cents per day. The second strike was by eighteen men (natives) employed in the saddlery shop to oil and clean army equipments. They were also receiving the magnificent salary of 40 cents per day. However, they did not strike for a ‘raise,’ but they refused to do a dirtier piece of work for which they had not been hired. The commanding officer told them to ‘vamosé’ (get out), and they ‘got.’ Next morning, when the 7 o’clock whistle blew, more than twenty applicants appeared, asking for the positions, and before noon many others had made their appearance for the same purpose. Most of the men last employed have worked steadily and faithfully, showing that it had been no fault of theirs that they were out of work. ‘Uncle Sam’ has been giving Judge Taft a yearly salary of \$10,000, allowing him \$15 per day for expenses. Of course it is expected that the Judge will ‘set a pace,’ but how in the world the natives can keep ‘in the race’ on 40 cents per day is more than I can figure out. A day laborer in the States is a ‘nobody,’ but here he is less than a nobody. The churches own about everything in sight. I have been having some experience in evening school as teacher. The class I have been teaching consists of boys whose ages range from 9 to 14 years, and for brightness I will put them against any like crowd of American boys. I have always held to the idea that we are the product of but two factors, ‘heredity’ and ‘environment,’ and have been inclined to place a goodly share of the credit to heredity, but must now confess it was a mistake. Environment does the work nearly. One evening, just before the close of school, two policemen came into my room to wait for the dismissal. They told me they had been sent there to protect the girls from insult as they left the school. I asked who had been insulting the girls, and his reply was, ‘The Americans, of course.’”

THE CHARITY GIRL.

By **Caroline H. Pemberton**, Author of "Stephen the Black," "Your Little Brother James," Etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A week later, Julian clad in the uniform of the United States soldier, was seated in a crowded train that was bearing his regiment to its temporary quarters within the State. Painfully he reviewed on the way all the steps he had taken in his desperate and determined search for Elisabeth. It had not seemed possible at first that she could vanish out of his life as instantaneously as a snowflake melts out of sight in a muddy street. He had looked for her first in the Russian and Jewish quarter of the city, remembering that she had once expressed a longing to return to her own people. He had haunted sweat-shops and tenement houses only to be convinced that Elisabeth was not likely to have found a resting place in such rookeries. Their poverty and squalor would disgust her; she could not speak any of the numerous dialects of the strange people who knew so many languages and knew so little else—nor could she speak Hebrew. Individually she had no claim on them; as a class they could do nothing for her.

Whither had she flown? In God's name—what had she done with herself? He tried to consider with judicial calmness the awful possibility of her self-destruction. His heart nearly stopped beating at the thought, but he came back to it again and again because this theory had been thrust at him at every turn. In his despair he had finally sought advice from a Detective Bureau before which he laid the facts of the mysterious disappearance of a young woman, whose name he withheld.

He recalled the cross questioning of the Chief on the subject of Elisabeth's associates. It was of vital importance to this official that he should know if she had a lover. Julian believed himself to have been Elisabeth's only lover,—wretched hypocrite and bungler as he must have appeared when he condescended to make her an offer of marriage—it could hardly have been called making love; but could he be absolutely sure that Elisabeth had no other lover? Was he sure that she loved no one else? He was sure of nothing.

The Chief had demanded next if there were reason to believe that any one of Elisabeth's supposititious lovers had slighted her. Had Julian slighted her? Or had Elisabeth slighted Julian? The young man in heaviness of spirit had been asking himself these

distracting questions ever since. He believed himself to be the one keen sufferer and solitary mourner in Elisabeth's highly successful performance of the "disappearance act,"—but might there not be ground for wounded feeling on her side? Had he not shown her only too plainly that he regarded her as classified—imprisoned—within the iron-boundaries of caste? Had he not made her feel that it was an outcast he was offering to marry?

Before answering the Chief, Julian had tried to view his behavior from an impartial standpoint, and particularly from the standpoint of a young, sensitive girl who might have had other and more attractive lovers, if she had not been planted in the dreary deserts of waifdom by an impracticable guardian representing a Board of Managers and two thousand "regular subscribers!" The result of his reflections was the opinion, which he had attempted with awkwardness to express, that there had been no intentional slight so far as he knew on the part of any lover, but there might have been an appearance of neglect or—indifference—that might have been construed—

"They're great on construing," the Chief had interrupted, dryly, "that's what drives 'em to it—construing what he meant and what he didn't mean—but most of 'em do it for cause; they have cause enough, I guess, when it comes to the real thing,—jumping right in you know—not pretending. But they generally leave some word behind,—a note or something. Now, young man, if you have a letter or anything of that kind it's your business to produce it, and not waste my valuable time talking about a case and holding back the evidence."

Julian remembered that he had felt not only reproached for his lack of candor, but actually laid open and illumined by an eagle-like glance to the depths of his inside coat pocket, where the note lay concealed. Reluctantly he had produced it, and the Chief after glancing over it hastily had tossed it back to him with a contemptuous expression.

"That's no suicide. There's not a word in it to harrow up the feelings—which is the only object of a left-behind note. Now if she had said she was going to drown herself sure and you would never see her again alive,—she might or she mightn't be going to do it,—there'd be something to reckon on both ways. But no suicide ever left a letter with nothing in it of a harrowing nature. It's unhuman."

Although Julian had disputed this view with the detective on the ground that the missing Elisabeth was different from the average love-lorn young woman (a plea that had caused the official to smile superciliously at his finger nails as if he were reading Julian's words inscribed thereon in ancient hieroglyphics) he was now glad to take refuge in the universal application

which the detective claimed for his theory. In his bewilderment he could no longer trust his own insight into Elisabeth's character and motives; he clung with all his might to this cold, rocky rule of general human probability, because it offered the only argument on which to base the hope that Elisabeth still lived.

If Elisabeth were still alive, he could in time forgive himself for his stupid, cruel treatment of her; he could forgive her for the swift, terrible punishment she had inflicted on him; for if she were alive, Julian believed firmly that some day he would find her. But fate was as cruel to him as was Elisabeth in compelling him at this crisis to forsake his search through the city and become a part of the machinery of war with no power to guide his actions or control his time.

The shock of Elisabeth's disappearance was already dimming the first fresh ardor of his patriotism. On reaching the State camp he found himself occasionally annoyed by the restraints of army life and again sharply disgusted by its vulgar excesses. But these were pin-pricks compared to the chafing of his spirit because he was obliged to leave to strangers the indefatigable search which he believed might result in the discovery of Elisabeth's hiding-place.

To cool his heated emotions and the patriotism of the whole army, the rain began to pour steadily down; the tents were pitched in acres of mud and the soldiers wallowed in mud. They were soon soaked to their skins; the next day and for many days afterwards the water poured down their faces and made water spouts of their shoulders and elbows in the same unconcerned way that it gushes over the bronze and marble heroes that adorn landscape gardening. It was the first test of heroism and it was bravely borne with rough jokes, playful groans, shrugs and curses. An Irish stone-cutter who with three other men, shared Julian's small tent, observed that never again would he have a stone monument out in the rain if it had as much as half a face carved on it—without it might be the face of his enemy. He turned with a wink to a dignified young Cuban patriot.

"When it comes the turn of the Emerald Isle, my compatriots will be in no such haste to shove forward their job lot o' wet an' dry saisons to present with left-handed compliments to this fool av a nation!"

The Cuban who disliked jokes on serious subjects, muttered gloomily:

"This worse than Koo-bah," and glared angrily at the sodden sky. His mind's eye could see nothing but a long, straggling, adorable, pink and yellow island in the middle of a white page dotted with smaller islands. A very wet map of it was in his pocket, and a very much more correct one was burned into the

tissues of his brain. He spent his days in correcting the one, and his nights in climbing the mountains of the other in ceaseless pursuit of jeering Spaniards who fled in droves from a Springfield rifle.

Every few days Julian received from the Detective Bureau photographs of females under arrest as runaway tramps or pickpockets, whose identity with Elisabeth he hastened distressfully to disclaim. The Bureau had developed a facile ingenuity for running down clues which were hopelessly wrong and which often led into absurd entanglements with other people's lives, with highway robberies and murder mysteries. After it had traced Elisabeth to Chicago, Liverpool and Quebec, had married her successively to an old pork merchant, and a traveling acrobat, besides causing her to elope with an attendant from a private lunatic asylum, Julian claimed the right to direct its search into more probable channels.

By looking up the addresses given in newspaper advertisements of "Help wanted," on the date of Elisabeth's disappearance and for several days subsequently, it was at length ascertained that a young woman answering to her description even down to several minute details of dress, had been engaged for general housework in a certain household in an obscure street and had remained there for a week under the name of "Betty." But unfortunately, Betty had left without telling whither she was going, and her employer could remember only that she had said something about hoping to be a child's nurse. Persistent following up of "Nurses wanted" and other vacancies in domestic service failed to reveal "Betty" in any household that the detective visited. It was like following tracks in a wilderness that led to the water's edge and stopped there. Had Elisabeth's feet led also to the water's edge, and did they stop there, in a city half surrounded by water that was arched by dark bridges with twinkling lights? Those lights and those dark curves so inviting to the feet of the heavy-hearted and the sorrowful—had they persuaded Elisabeth to give up the struggle?

But when the rain ceased falling, as it did in the course of time, and the stiff-jointed volunteers shook themselves, wrung themselves and laid themselves out in the spring sunshine to dry—to talk jubilantly of how Dewey took Manila before breakfast, of the battles they expected to fight in the near future on the Island of Cuba, and the good times they were going to have partaking of the fruits that grew on that tropical island,—it was not possible to escape the general hopefulness that was in the atmosphere. Julian recovered his cheerfulness and made himself believe for two whole days that Elisabeth was safe. At the end of that time he received another message from the detectives

amounting to elaborate variations of "nothing further,"—to which was added a bill of such stupendous size that it took half of his savings to pay it. He then dismissed the detectives, which meant giving up the search.

That night Julian lay on his blanket outside of his tent; it was close and uncomfortable within, and he was following the example of many who desired to live up to the popular ideal of the uncomplaining soldier. His clothes were dry and his body comparatively comfortable, except for a vague gnawing at his stomach, which refused ungratefully to be satisfied with bacon and hard tack. He struck a match, lit a pipe to keep off mosquitoes, and drawing forth Elisabeth's crumpled note, he read for the hundredth time the sentence: "But as for me, I shall never forget you; I shall remember your goodness always, and I will pray that you may return safely."

He felt comforted by the thought that Elisabeth undoubtedly intended to insure his safe return through her prayers; could she afford then to pass a single night without offering up her petition to Heaven? The picture of Elisabeth kneeling to pray for his return became tenderly and powerfully reassuring, seeming as it did to keep her alive for his sole benefit. He closed his eyes in an ecstasy of conviction that Elisabeth lived,—ay, that Elisabeth loved him.

After that, at the hour when she would naturally be preparing for her night's rest,—however impossible it might be to imagine her career during the day or even the nature of her surroundings—it was always possible for the young volunteer to reproduce this holy vision of Elisabeth on her knees—praying for him. He would fling his arms restlessly over his head, and then fold them with a sigh across his breast; he prayed with all his heart for Elisabeth's safe keeping; and so night after night he fell asleep.

CHAPTER XIX.

After their wretched experience in being soaked and flooded for so many days in the State camp, the still jubilant volunteers looked with satisfaction on the order for their removal to the warm, sunny camping fields of the South. So far, they had not enjoyed to the full many of the heroic sensations ascribed to soldiers in time of war, except the one of extreme discomfort.

Julian's regiment had not yet received rifles or arms of any description. The act of drilling with canes and sticks had become a shame-famed performance, over which the volunteers blushed in the privacy of their tents, and fervently prayed that the standing armies of Europe might not learn of their degradation. One of Julian's comrades—a tall, thin fellow, who had

been a clerk in a retail dry-goods store, and whose colorless social experiences had revolved round a small Baptist Sunday School—uttered a cry of loyal rage when he read in a daily paper a ludicrous account of the overpowering of a brace of sentinels by a trio of tramps who were armed and who knew that the volunteers were not.

"Hound them out of the country—the traitors!" he exclaimed. "They would betray the secrets of their government for half a column's pay!" He meant the reporters—not the tramps—and the whole regiment echoed the sentiment.

There was still a glorious uncertainty in the matter of food, which was sometimes abundant and on other occasions exceedingly scarce, but these hitches in the commissary department served only to demonstrate the immense size of the American army. They were proud to belong to a nation that could call out in a single day an army too large to be fed on a day's or a week's or even a month's notice!

Breaking camp was a labor of love hilariously performed. The Southern railroads were soon carrying the precious freight of American manhood, and breaking the bones of not a few individuals in collisions—accidentally, of course—or was it conscientiously done to accustom them to the spilling of blood? They looked so young—these warriors—they were much too light-hearted to be bearing on their shoulders the destinies of nations. Nothing could dampen their spirits. The mysterious lethargy of the railroads in producing the breakfast of the great American army—"regularly the day after to-morrow by the clock"—as the German Undertaker's Son, who also shared Julian's tent, expressed it—served only to elicit jokes and sarcasms and was therefore useful in sharpening the wits of America's most loyal sons.

"We need to be hardened," sighed the Dry Goods Clerk, looking down at his long white fingers which had never done anything heretofore but fold up ribbons and children's underclothing. He expounded a theory that the Government in its superhuman wisdom was secretly ordering all these hardships to occur that the flower of American youth might learn to endure the vicissitudes of war before the shock of battle should descend upon it. This theory was pleasing to many because, like witchcraft, it explained what otherwise was inexplicable. A few grumblers arose to mutter that the Government had better leave pedagogy alone in dealing with the American people, but nobody paid much attention to these fellows, who were sadly out of tune, and were generally regarded as cranks who liked to play at being traitors.

There was in the ranks a singular individual who from

the first had aroused a mild curiosity. This was a fair-haired youth of some twenty-three summers—he did not appear to have experienced many winters—who was observed to adopt, in the fulfillment of his duties, a lonely, languid pose, which suggested some heavy disquietude of mind. It was variously attributed to haughtiness, homesickness, a deep-seated grief, a lover's melancholy—an indisposition to conform to the military ideal. It excited sympathy to see a man so out of touch with his fellows for no reason that could be understood, and numerous overtures were made to bring the inaccessible being into the familiar intercourse which they all enjoyed. But these overtures were declined with an air of patient tolerance—a sort of hasty gathering together of the inner man as though the refusal to accept dainties, or the loan of books and newspapers, were a test of moral character which he had determined to bear bravely. His faint, forced smile on such occasions conveyed more accurately than his chary speech, a distinct impression of secret grief.

What ailed the fellow? Was he in love? He sat apart, but his attitude was not sentimental. His gentleness of manner now and again disarmed criticism. It was generally agreed that he was a man of unusual reserve. Thus he could not change his nature, and such a manner—many said—often indicated extraordinary force of character. He was accordingly treated with more than usual respect and a long-continued show of kindness—some of the men even going so far as to take upon themselves certain of his daily chores, which it was observed he performed with unusual awkwardness. These kindly offices he accepted with a weary graciousness of manner, which was at first impressive but afterward seemed to lack spontaneity. It was a stale kind of graciousness and seemed finally to imply that his burden of gratitude was a mere figure of speech, however strenuously it might be expressed in words. He was evidently a weakling in physical strength, but this fact was regarded indifferently and inspired no disrespect.

Finally, one day, it was noticed that the reserved one had a visitor—a jaunty young fellow whose shining full-dress uniform was that of a trooper. The two strolled about together smoking cigarettes, and sat down to drink wine and play cards. And now some of the older men feared that the tempter had taken possession of their silent comrade. They watched him with concern as he arose from the table. No longer was he silent, for even before the wine had been brought his loquacity was strikingly in evidence; but his bearing was erect enough, as, with his arm on the trooper's shoulder, he clung to him like a loving brother. Thus they passed and repassed the Undertaker's Son, who was standing on guard that day on the parade ground. The

youth was not drunk; he was merely talking earnestly, passionately, his words rushing forth like a dammed-up stream broken loose; the wine he had taken served only to give color to his cheek and a thrill of righteous indignation to his voice. He seemed not to care who heard the tale of woe which he was pouring into the trooper's sympathetic ear. After he had somewhat exhausted his passion, he became plaintively appealing. Constantly he repeated the phrase, "And I am the only one—the only one in the regiment!" with moving effect. It evidently stirred his friend profoundly, for he muttered always in reply: "An outrage—a brutal outrage!"

"Now what 'outrage' is being perpetrated on our forlorn comrade?" queried the Undertaker's Son, "that all of us do not share in the way of privations and general discomfort?"

But again the trooper and the unhappy lad were coming that way, and their voices plainly indicated that they were lost to the outside world. For now they were painfully explicit. Quoth the youth with the sorrowful countenance:

"It's just as I have described—I can stand it no longer. I have made the most careful observations and I assure you I do not exaggerate in the least when I say that I am the only gentleman in the regiment—the only one, damn it!"

His voice broke into a sob. It was such a distinct wail of grief mingled with rage, and caused such concern to the listening trooper that he stopped abruptly in his walk and dug his spurred heel hard into the sand.

"A damned beastly shame! I declare, it's awful! But how did it ever happen that you got here?"

The other winked away a tear, took out his handkerchief and blew his nose violently.

"I was in a great hurry and I'd had a drink or two that morning—and fellows told me I was certain of being promoted, so I just rushed ahead—and now they won't let me resign any more than if I really belonged to the herd! But it's not the best way out, even if I could get discharged on the plea of ill-health. Fellows might say things—afterward, you know."

"Yes—they might. You must get promoted—that's the thing to do—get promoted at once."

"I know that well enough," cried the Solitary One, brightening and smiling, "but how can I? It takes outside influence—a tremendous damned lot of it! But if I were an officer, you know I could associate with officers outside, and there are several I know."

"Whatever it takes, I'll guarantee to get it for you. I understand something of politics, and I know a man who can pull more wires than you ever dreamed of, so just bear up for the present.

"I'll explain the situation to the troop and we'll pull together and get you out of this—trough!"

He was deeply in earnest as he shook the hand of his friend and sealed his promise with another splendid oath. After he had taken his departure the gentle youth looked visibly cheered and retired to his tent with elastic step and beaming eye.

But the mystery of his solitary habits was now revealed to the Undertaker's Son, who explained it to his comrades without loss of time. Some were dense of comprehension. They could not make out why the gentility of the fair-haired youth should cause him acute suffering. Might he not have found in the whole regiment at least one of sufficiently elevated tastes to be worthy of his companionship? Had not several of their best educated comrades—really gifted and intellectual men—offered to lend him rare books which he had invariably declined? What did he want, anyway? Couldn't they all play cards and drink wine, if they wanted to, and swear prodigious oaths, if they wanted to, just as well at that trooper? Why, then, this voluntary isolation—why this shrinking from all of them as if they had the plague?

"He's a gentleman's son, I tell you—the only real one among us," replied the Undertaker's Son, smiling grimly.

"I refer you to Julian, who has had long experience with the ways of fashionable exclusives. The only specimens I've had a chance to examine were dead ones—perhaps they change after death, for I could not discover that they were differently constructed from the rest of us. But of course they must be! Strange isn't it, that the Lord made us so different? Perhaps Julian can explain why this was necessary for the economic good of all."

Julian said he had given up trying to define the spirit of class egotism. He had been told that it was a mental attitude. "Seems like the attitude of the tortoise, doesn't it? Standing on nothing and supporting an elephant with a world of impenetrable conceit on his back—but it's such a very little world!" It was a religion of intolerance, he explained, requiring no basis of fact—none whatever.

"If humanity," he added with sudden enthusiasm, "if humanity be an ocean with bays, inlets and rivers sharing its tidal forces, then I call pride of caste the wave that throws itself far up on the beach—lying there a shallow, shrinking pool, evaporating day by day. And it dares to imagine itself superior to the great ocean from which it came—this miserable, stagnant little puddle whose day will soon be done! The winds and the sunlight of God's truth will soon make short work of it!"

"That's capital!" cried the Undertaker's Son, clapping his hands with satisfaction. "Bellamy himself could not have put it

better. It's a true picture—a serviceable simile that will stand thinking about. Don't envy that pool, don't try to copy it or to live up to its morbid standards. Just let it alone, and some bright day in the future it will evaporate entirely from our American life. We belong to the ocean, hey, Julian? We still feel the force of its waves and currents; they make our destiny great and glorious, and the winds of God are blowing through our hearts. Thanks be to Him forever for having made us as we are—just common folks!"

"Amen," said Julian, and they all cheered lustily and felt quite happy and very superior for a few moments, during which they were able to look with a sublime pity on the denizens of the "stagnant pool."

"But I want you to understand that I am no believer in your Utopian theories," said Julian afterward, with great earnestness, to the Undertaker's Son, whom he had chosen to class as a "theorist" from several long talks they had had together. "Humanity interests me and I love it, and I want to serve it, but I have no use for 'Patton's Priceless, Painless Panacea'—either in philosophy or medicine."

"Names count for little," rejoined the young German, smiling with a superior air, "but I have a book that will interest you by one of your own countrymen; wait a moment and I'll get it for you, for I think you'll find it about covers your case, and I'd like your opinion on its merits." He disappeared into his tent and came out with several volumes under his arms. He handed one to Julian, who opened it gingerly. "Oh, Howells!" he exclaimed, in a tone of relief. "Yes, I like his stories, and I've not seen this one before, 'A Traveler from Altruria.'"

"Here's another, as that is very short—also by William D.—'A Hazard of New Fortunes;' take them both and don't be in a hurry to return them. I offered them to the 'Lonely One' ('the Only One', I think we shall have to call him), but he said he did not care for Howells' novels, and he thanked me very kindly."

They both laughed at the well-worn expression.

Henceforth the disconsolate youth was known as the 'Only One,' and studiously avoided as becomes a person of rank thrown into forced association with his inferiors. He was carefully watched, however, in consequence of his ambition to be advanced beyond his just deserts, and it was soon evident that some outside power was already acting as a lever to his fortunes, for not many days later he was made clerk of the company and soon after that he was promoted to the position of sergeant.

The question of breakfast was again shoved into the background when reports of the appearance of a Spanish fleet began to multiply. "Spook ships" kept both the army and the navy

guessing for several weeks in a frenzy of excitement, until the discovery of Cervera's fleet led to the spreading of the news from camp to camp that the great American army was at last to embark for Cuba.

The grand scale of preparation that followed this announcement was enough to silence not only the noisiest of grumblers, but the hungriest of volunteers. They forgot their empty stomachs—or, rather, they did not forget them, but they argued that to be hungry in the enemy's country after a battle in which they had completely routed the Spaniards would prove the necessity of enduring the same hardships in the home camps with a Spartan calmness of mien—unfortunately not as yet successfully achieved by a large majority. Some of the toughest of the grumblers accepted this view.

Having now received their weapons and uniforms, they hugged Springfield rifles to their hearts with a lofty indifference to tales of Mauser rifles and smokeless powder in the hands of the enemy. Orders and rumors of orders for this regiment and that to prepare for embarkation were flying thick and fast between Tampa, Chickamauga and Washington. Julian's regiment was scheduled to sail on a certain transport on a certain Wednesday, and found itself after vexatious delays at last in readiness to depart. Wagons, mules, guns, ammunition, clothing and rations were piled in promiscuous and inextricable confusion on the vessel, and it looked as if nothing but a few miles of salt water lay between that regiment and glory.

Something, however, intervened in the shape of a countermanding order from Washington. Like a thunderbolt it fell upon the regiment, and every man felt struck in the breast by the hand of his government, and personally accused of cowardice and military unworthiness to fight the battles of the Republic. The transport sailed without them.

It was in vain that the officers explained to the men the many plausible theories advanced for the shelving of their regiment. It was useless to point out that other regiments had received their arms at an earlier date, and were consequently better drilled and in better fighting condition. The men sullenly asked whose fault it was that they had not received their weapons sooner? Was not the government aware of the length of time they had practised with sticks and rifles when it issued the order for their embarkation? Had some friend maligned them and whispered lies into the ear of the war department after the order was issued? Their angry murmurs grew so loud that on the Sunday following the chaplain preached a special sermon on the subject. He pointed out that several cases of drunkenness and theft occurring recently might have injured the standing of the

regiment, and the immediate adoption of a higher moral standard would perhaps cause them to be sent to the front at the earliest possible moment.

This argument availed little because, as the men stated to each other in bitter comment afterward, their reputation for sobriety and good behavior was the best in the brigade, while the regiment which had taken the place of their own on the transport was notorious for its disorderly conduct.

It was not long before they understood that political influence was at the bottom of the matter; they learned that their Colonel, a gallant, painstaking gentleman, was without the political backing which would have assured him a chance to serve his country as he was fitted to do. He was too good to be removed, and too unimportant—politically—to be sent to the front; shelving was best for him. This summary of the facts checked the murmurs for the time being, the average American being accustomed to regard the evil deeds of politicians with the same silent tolerance with which loyal subjects behold the wild revels of disreputable monarchs. It caused the Colonel, however, to be regarded with a pitying, brotherly affection, as one whom lack of appreciation—or worse—had reduced to their own level of despised excellence.

The excitement occasioned by the destruction of Cervera's fleet produced a temporary reaction, during which the regiment forgot its grievances in the general rejoicing over the brilliancy of American valor. This was quickly followed by the news of battles fought on Cuban soil; of heroism displayed by black and white Americans—regulars and volunteers—of loss of life, suffering, starvation, and all the attendant horrors of a campaign in the enemy's country.

Julian read the name of Cooper Denning among the list of killed and learned that he had been struck by a bullet of a Spanish sharpshooter, just as he was in the act of dragging from the field a wounded comrade. To the last he had been faithful; he was loyalty itself to the obligations that he understood. His social dogmas had limited his sympathies to the fellowship of which he had formed so significant a part, but had not loyal souls in the early days of heroism always limited their allegiance to the narrowest of patriarchal or feudal obligations? Perhaps the spirit of exclusiveness in his class was after all nothing worse than a retrogression to more primitive instincts—a lapsing into a prehistoric stage of barbarism? Denning's social instincts had always seemed to him to be purely tribal.

"Humanity moves in a circle; when a man tries to get away from his brother, he finds that he has only moved round to the other side of him—to a more ancient type of himself. He is just

a little nearer a savage perhaps than he was ever before," thought Julian. Denning's heroic death awed him; he mourned for him as one whom the world could ill afford to lose—he generously composed apologetic epitaphs on the caste spirit.

Meanwhile, the slighted regiment was being sent hither and thither on delusive expeditions, the object of which has not been revealed to this day. Three times it was packed on trains and sent a distance of one hundred miles to another camp, where it waited patiently for its breakfast, which twice passed it on the road back. Once it lay side-tracked for many days by a way station in the blistering glare of a Southern summer sun, apparently forgotten by the authorities at Washington. Some newspapers reported facetiously in startling headlines that it was lost; this recalled to the absent-minded War Department the fact of its existence, and the order came at last for its return to headquarters.

But on their return the men found their old camping ground occupied by another regiment which was enjoying the clear spring water which Julian and some of his comrades had carefully walled in and decorated with an improvised filter designed by the Undertaker's Son. Another place was assigned to them, a low piece of ground which had just been deserted by troopers. Their Colonel expressed his indignation to the authorities, who promised amiably to restore them to their former camping ground. Nothing was done about it, however; in a few weeks they beheld it reduced to the condition of a pig sty. They were forced to conclude that they would do better to stay where they were.

Their new camp was supplied with water by a stream which, skirting the entire army on its right for several miles, was little better than a sewer. To drink from it was suicidal, nevertheless men were drinking from it, contrary to the Colonel's orders, every day. Cases of fever were rapidly developing; many of these were of a persistent malarial type. An attempt was made to dig for pure water, but the ground was low and bordered on a marsh.

It was unfortunate that the Captain of Julian's company fell ill also, for the "Only One" was now being shoved forward with such rapidity that in a short time he was appointed to fill the vacancy caused by the other's resignation. This appointment the Colonel sternly resented. It caused much ill-disguised friction between them. The "Only One's" ignorance of both military and sanitary matters was so great that he was obliged to rely on his subordinates in issuing orders. His Lieutenants guessed often enough what orders he meant to give, but sometimes they guessed wrong and were reprimanded, with the result

that when the order was repeated every volunteer guessed for himself what was meant, and obeyed accordingly. An attack of chills and fever at last laid the yellow-haired laddie on his back for three weeks, and when he returned to his duties he had forgotten all that he ever knew or had learned of military matters, and it seemed impossible to recuperate his memory. He began to drink heavily. To make matters worse, the Colonel next fell seriously ill, and during his absence the unhappy regiment floundered indeed.

By midsummer it represented a ragged, hollow-eyed, hungry set of men, who had not one grievance, but many. Sickness had depleted their ranks. Improper food had starved out their patriotism and greatly reduced the weight of every man in the regiment. Their rations were plentiful but unsuitable. It was a common saying that they threw away enough to feed another regiment. Occasionally the meat was tainted for days at a time, and the biscuits mouldy; there was no water fit to drink except that which was brought from a distance by men who staggered after it in the merciless glare of a sunshine which had become to the American volunteer an expression of the wrath of God. The condition of the regiment was alarming. The strongest and bravest of its members gathered one night around Julian's tent to discuss the situation.

Julian made a short address. It was vain he told them to look to Washington for help; their Colonel had already done all in his power in that line, and his appeals received either no response or promises of help which never came. It was also vain to expect improved sanitary regulations from their own officers, many of whom were on the sick list, and whose orders on such matters were of the most perfunctory kind.

"The military ideal seems to me an anachronism any way, in this day and generation," said Julian, "if we were not such a peace-loving nation, I believe we would long ago have invented a more sensible system—one more in keeping with our democratic principles. But we've dragged our grandfather's heavy musket down from the dust and cobwebs of the lumber room and we are shouldering the same old stupid form of despotism that men have been shouldering for centuries. However, we've taken it up voluntarily for the honor of our country and in the name of humanity, so we're bound to make the best of it; only, do let's put our democratic wits to work to save our lives when we can."

He urged them to live up to a standard of their own and read them a set of rules which had been written out by the Undertaker's Son, who was believed to be well up on sanitation, his father having been Secretary of a Board of Health. Sick and

discouraged as the men were, they listened, nevertheless, with a pathetic show of interest, and agreed to stop argument on the question of whom to blame for their sufferings, and to undertake as far as possible the care of their own lives in the future.

"Now that peace has been proclaimed," said the German, "it is not likely that we shall be wanted as food for powder—but we may be needed as citizens in the near future to preserve some of the ideals of this Republic. It is every man's duty to study how to circumvent disease—and—starvation."

He lowered his voice at the last word, but it was nevertheless distinctly uttered, and every man present heard it. There was an immediate rush of exclamations and angry protests, the men demanding to know of what use were sanitary measures when they were being deliberately starved to death?

"Amer—r—ican r—Reconcentrados!" hissed the Cuban, rolling his r's in scathing invective, and pointing in the direction where lay the larger part of the American army. He was immediately set upon by the Dry-Goods Clerk, who wound his long arms about him and dragged him with much effort beyond the outer circle of the meeting.

"You peoples is not a military nation!" the Cuban was heard to shout mockingly, as he disappeared into the darkness.

The Dry-Goods Clerk returned panting, and climbed upon a packing box. He addressed the meeting breathlessly:

"You have heard the voice of treason from the lips of that ingrate—now listen to your fellow-countryman! We are a lot of pampered children, overfed all our lives; stuffed with dainties until we have lost our taste for wholesome food. That's what's the matter; the fault lies with us; the rations are good, better than we deserve—better than any other government provides for its soldiers! What do you expect in time of war—to make no sacrifices? Are you looking for fried oysters and featherbeds on a battlefield?"

"We have seen no war!" cried several voices, derisively. "We don't know what a battlefield looks like—this is peace—not war! We're in our own land, hungry in the midst of plenty—treated worse than the prisoners of Libby and Andersonville!"

"Shame on you—shame—shame!" screamed the Clerk; a violent emotion shook his whole frame; on his sunken cheeks were two brilliant scarlet spots; he beat his breast with both hands.

"Look at me—I am going to swear to God's truth! I have eaten nothing but the rations provided by the government, and every penny I have received has gone to keep my poor mother. Look at me, I say! I've gained six pounds by eating army rations—six pounds, God be praised!" He raised his arms high over his head in his emotion.

"If ye be bearin' testimony to a miracle, ye've a right to be listened to an' not otherwise," cried the Irish Stonecutter, with bitter emphasis. "Them that can live without eatin' is allowed to be no example for the ordinary."

"Look at him—his bones and his skin are held together by his uniform, an' he darsent take his jacket off at night for fear his ribs 'll roll away!" yelled another volunteer.

"I was always thin—always," protested the Clerk, still pounding his chest and coughing distressingly in consequence, "but I'm broader and stronger than ever I used to be, owing to the Government's care of me. We need to be hardened, my comrades. The Government has its plans for us; trust the Government, that's all we have to do. I'll sign no petition for better food or new filters—I'll take no part in your fool sanitary precautions. I tell you, the Government knows what's best for us." His husky voice had become plaintively appealing; his tall, thin figure swayed heavily, so that some of the men who had most violently disputed his assertions were now eying him pityingly. Julian and the Undertaker's Son helped him off the box.

"Look out for yourself," whispered Julian, "you need to see the doctor, my friend—just as soon as possible."

"I guess the Government's plans for this saint are mapped out in Kingdom Come," observed the Undertaker's Son in a dry undertone. "The syndicates have found a new way to make money out of us:—instead of fattening on our labor, they are now fattening on our decaying bodies. This war promises to be a great commercial success to somebody."

The Clerk was persuaded to sit down wrapped in a blanket, with his back against the box on which he had been standing. The poor fellow took no further notice of his comrades, but produced from his pocket what remained of his day's rations and began with great deliberation to munch a stale biscuit.

Julian climbed on the box to say that without bitterness in their hearts, or carping criticisms on their lips, it was necessary at this crisis to take thought for themselves, for they knew it to be a fact that there was hardly a well man among them. He then re-read the rules which forbade the men to drink condemned water, and to do a number of other things known to be foolhardy.

Permission had been obtained to dig a well and to drain the camp of its sewerage. They were all to assist in this work. They were to contribute towards the purchase of quinine and a few other simple drugs; they were to avoid the canteen and the purchase of cheap, unwholesome cakes and fruits from the railroad stands. The same amount of money wisely spent would provide them with rice and fresh meat, both of which were necessary articles of diet in a Southern climate. Finally he told them a se-

cret:—he had recently communicated with a Northern newspaper which had published a statement of their needs; a car-load of canned goods and fruit would soon be on its way South, contributed by the anxious friends of the regiment.

This piece of news produced a cheer and the meeting broke up in a more hopeful spirit. After the men had dispersed, Julian, the Undertaker's Son, and the Stonecutter turned to look at the Volunteer, who was still absorbed in the patriotic task of eating the meal provided for him by his government.

"Holy Mother of men and angels—take it from him! Do you see the maggots?" shouted the Stonecutter, holding a lighted pine fagot to the can of beef which the unfortunate Dry-Goods Clerk was about to dip into with his biscuit.

"What if there are maggots," answered the Patriot in sepulchral tones, "are there more here than there were in the beef that our boys ate in the trenches before Petersburg? A soldier must learn to—to think nothing of maggots—they harden the flesh so that he can look into a cannon's mouth without shivering."

Julian groaned and turned away; he leaned against a post and felt desperately ill for fifteen minutes. The Undertaker's Son snatched the can from the Clerk's hand and flung it away. The emaciated volunteer sat up and stared about him haughtily.

"You are not soldiers, but unworthy dogs in the manger—unworthy dogs! I shall not sleep anywhere near you; I am a soldier, and I refuse to lie down with dogs."

Off he staggered, and Julian, finding him afterwards lying on the damp earth and breathing heavily, rolled him on a blanket and covered him up with a striped shawl which his mother had sent him.

(To be continued.)

AT THE BAR.

THE DREAM.



estreen, I read a screed wherein was writ,
The glory, the achievement, power, and fame,
Of a dead Century; and dreaming then,
Methought there came to me an angel clad
In brightest raiment, and methought he stood,
And beckoned to me, and his presence seemed
To fill my soul with awe; and then he spoke,
And speaking to me, said: "Oh! son of man,
Come thou with me, for on this night, thine eyes
Shall see, and thou shalt know, and knowing, find
The truth concerning that which is no more."

THE ARRAIGNMENT.

And as he vanished from my view, there came
A vision to me, and it seemed I stood
Among a mighty host, and then, methought,
I saw that Century, whose power and fame
Had stirred me so, arraigned before the bar
Of Truth and Justice Infinite, and then,
As I beheld it in its nakedness,
Its fame and glory shriveled, till it seemed
The vilest of the vile, a sepulcher
For whited lies, beside whose bier 'twere meet
For Satan to have wept, and then I heard,
The cries of countless millions whom it slew,
Rise up in judgment 'gainst it; then I knew
Itself for what it was, the most accurst,
And of the countless Centuries, the worst
The race had ever known. My vision gone,
I woke, and waking, I beheld the dawn.

THE ARGUMENT.

I.

A ranter! Well, perhaps, yet we shall see,
If the arraignment hath injustice done.
Let us review, in mood dispassionate,
The race and its advancement; let us see
What five score years have wrought, and then, my lords,
Ye who are sleek and well-fed, ye shall say
If I have spoken well concerning it—
As by their fruits, ye judge the trees, so, too,

Judge ye concerning this. Who saw it born
Continue not to-day; but records live,
And records speak the truth. Let History tell,
(Nor boast of civilization, till ye know
What civilization is) what has been wrought,
Of good or ill in all its passing years,
From its inception, to its final end,
What it was to the race, if foe, or friend.

II.

Its advent saw a quiet brooding o'er
The nations of the earth; a quiet, like
The quiet that precedes the coming storm;
And then, the War God loosed his flaming sword,
And legal murder swayed humanity—
Till men were drunken with the taste of blood,
And deep, undying hatreds were aroused,
Beside which, Hell were Heaven, and so it was
At day dawn, and from day dawn till the night
Wherein it passed away, and in its path
It left unnumbered millions, stark, and dead.
And wherefor? Was it for the common weal
That kind destroyed its kind? Ah! no, my lords,
It was at your behest; your safety lay
In their arraignment, kind against their kind.
While they, poor fools, knew not that they were blind.

III.

Now look you! Of these millions who were slain,
What profit was it to them, or their kind,
To wantonly destroy? For those who fought
And bore war's awful brunt, were not of those
Whose pride had been the cause, or, who, perchance,
In the commercial spirit of the age—
(Which, as the Century grew, developed fast,
And at a bound, o'erlapped a thousand years
Of progress in the world's advancing steps)
Saw glory, power, and wealth, through war's alarms,
Accruing to themselves—well-knowing that
The debt must needs be paid, and knowing, too,
On whom the burden lay, not on themselves,
But on the unborn children of their dupes,
The world's producers, whom they sent to slay,
And be slain in the battles of the day.

IV.

But war, and war's alarms, were but a tithe
Of what was wrought, and all the countless slain
That lay on battle-fields, were as a dream,
Compared with Competition's juggernaut,
Whose victims were as countless as the sands
Lapped by the moaning seas, or as the stars
That light the firmament; and Satan's host
Was loosed, and Hell prevailed upon the earth.
Where the proud Ganges rolled, or where the Nile,
In China, on the Rand, or in Luzon;
Where stretched earth's greenest fields, and fertile plains,
Its shadow loomed; where precious gems were mined,
Or where black diamonds lay, or where bright gold
Replevined was from some dark hiding place;
In every clime, and under every sun,
With blighting hand, its cursed work was done.

V.

In the industrial world, productive power
Increased a thousand fold, where it was touched
By the inventive genius of the age,
The genius, that came like a ray of light
To the producing millions, but whose faint
And far-off glimmer soon was blotted out;
Before their dulled imaginings could grasp,
The great thought, all Divine, that hidden lay.
For Profit, Competition's ruling God,
Came like some dark and leaden cloud between,
And left them stark and naked, and debauched.
Its prostituted genius, made self, Lord,
Of all that was, destroying the last sparks
Of brotherhood that burned within the race;
And might and cunning ruled, and might was right,
And human souls were withered by its blight.

VI.

For every palace, rearing its proud dome
On some bold promontory, with its parks,
And driveways lined with grand old trees and shrubs;
A thousand hovels, damp and noisome holes,
Swarmed with half-naked children, prematured.
For labor's meed was but a pittance bare,
(Though labor was creator of all wealth)
It was compelled to give the lion's share,
To those who ruled—who ruled by Profit's grace.

Incest, and prostitution, hell, and death,
Like slimy serpents, wreathed, and twisted round
Among its devotees, and every crime,
The decalogue could name, by it was bred,
Aye, bred, and nurtured, too, and human souls
Compelled were by self-preservation's law,
To crush all opposition, and the crushed
Sank hopelessly it seemed, forever hushed.

THE AFTERMATH.

Such was the Century, and what had been
To me a glorious epoch, tottered, fell,
And crumbled into nothingness, beneath
Truth's penetrating rays, and I was glad;
Glad I had dreamed, for in my dream, I saw—
Truth, not as men see truth, and back of it,
I saw that Truth enthroned, and ruling all.
And though the race be swayed by lust to-day,
Though self seem God to it, and hell yawn wide,
And men seem less than brute, the race shall see
The darkness fade, as mists fade out and die,
Before the sun, and it shall be swayed by
A universal peace and harmony.
The battle's on between the hosts of Truth,
And Error's host, and Armageddon's field
Will soon be fought, and Truth shall triumph then—
And bring a thousand years of peace to men.

Albert Frank Hoffman.

Cincinnati, June 18, 1901.

SOCIALISM ABROAD

Professor E. Untermann.

Austria.

The main problem solved by the recent national convention of the Austrian Social Democracy, held in Vienna November 2 to 5, was that of a new program. The old program, adopted in Hainfeld, January 1, 1889, was the result of a compromise consolidating the "moderate" and the "radical" wing of the laborers into the "Social Democratic Labor Party of Austria." But the progress of capitalism in other countries, the precarious state of the belated Austrian industries, and the change of the political situation made it imperative to revise a document that was created by tactical requirements of a bygone period.

The aim of the revision was to devise a program that should not only be up to date, but also perfect in form. Bernstein's revisionism has not been without influence. The program has been worded so carefully that even the most fastidious will not easily find a flaw, but it gives no encouragement to opportunists, for it is more revolutionary than ever.

There were 150 delegates present, 10 of them women. The following nationalities were represented: 55 Germans, 35 Tsechs, 20 Poles, 4 Slovenians, 3 Italians, 3 Ruthenians. Eleven trade unions had also sent delegates. Karl Kautsky was present as a delegate from Bohemia.

The following resolution on the tariff question, presented by Kautsky and Karpeles and amended by Vanek, is a declaration of such instructive value that it is here reproduced in full:

"The Social Democracy denies that the present class state is capable of organizing and managing production for the benefit of the whole nation. Still it recognizes the necessity that the State should take measures for furthering and developing production and the forces of production, as far as present conditions will permit.

Most effective among these measures seem those that tend to elevate the intellectual and physical powers of the masses (schools, protective laws) and to nationalize and administer collectively the great capitalist monopolies.

But in the first stages of capitalist industry, the economic development may also be furthered by protective duties for the benefit of industries. In countries with advanced capitalist industries, however, these duties change from means of progress into means of checking the development of the productive forces of a country, especially where they are joined to duties on agricultural products, or where they serve to bestow extra profits on favored groups of capitalists.

The latter tariff duties, like revenue taxes, must be opposed under all circumstances; for they are indirect taxes that on one side press most heavily on the poorest strata of society, on the other side throw new millions into the lap of the most useless and richest part of the population.

They are, furthermore, objectionable, because they are the greatest danger to commercial treaties of long duration, of which modern industry is greatly in need.

From this point of view it is the duty of the Social Democracy under the present condition of commercial relations to further the conclusion of treaties of long duration on the basis of the most favored nation and to facilitate and secure international traffic; but to sharply oppose all measures that purport to maintain and strengthen the present revenue taxes and agrarian and privileged tariffs.

In its fight against the present tariff system the proletariat must trust only to its own strength, for the bourgeoisie surrenders its arms to the governments, the monopolists, the great financiers, and great landowners, also on this ground and does not attempt to force them into concessions, but to trade with them at the expense of the laboring class."

Resolutions were also adopted expressing sympathy with the struggling laborers in Russia, denouncing the war in South Africa, and scoring the Turkish authorities for the atrocities committed in Armenia.

The proposed stringent regulations of the Austrian government for commercial employees (*Gewerbe-Ordnung*) were condemned as favoring the employers at the expense of the apprentices. The condition in the army elicited the following resolution: "In view of the ever increasing cases of maltreatment, suicide, unjust and incomprehensible rulings and sentences in the army, the Social Democracy demands the immediate reform and publicity of military courts and more especially the free, untrammelled, and unchecked, right of complaint for every soldier."

We feel that our Austrian comrades are a strong and active division of the world's proletarian army, and we look with fond eyes at the 800,000 votes they secured at the last general elections.

France.

The cabinet Waldeck-Rousseau, designed to serve two masters, was not for a moment in doubt to what class it belonged when the interests of the working class and the capitalist class clashed. The reply to the appeal of the striking miners was swift and sure—2,000 soldiers. We are anxious to hear from the supporters of Millerand, who is still a member of this cabinet.

Of course, the two Socialist camps of France move still more apart in consequence of this occurrence. The crystallization of the revolutionary element took a definite form in the "*Parti Socialiste de France*," which, on Nov. 3, consolidated the following organizations at the congress of Ivry: *L' Alliance Communiste*, *l' Alliance Communiste Franco-Comtoise*, *la Federation des Deux Sevres*, *la Federation Socialiste Revolutionnaire du Doubs*, *la Federation des Travailleurs Socialistes de la 2d Circonscription de Senlis*, *la Federation de Seine-et-Oise*, *le Groupe Central du XI. Arrondissement de Paris*, *le Parti Ouvrier Francais*, *le Parti Socialiste Revolutionnaire*.

The feeling against Millerand ran high, and after the consolidation had taken place, the following resolution was adopted:

"The male and female comrades assembled in the City Hall of Ivry

hail the newly accomplished unity of the revolutionary Socialists and pledge themselves to oppose all the different capitalist elements and those criminals who tried to sell the rights of the proletariat for a minister's portfolio."

We heartily endorse the tactical position of the new party. But in view of the victorious progress of international capitalism we deplore the schisms in the ranks of one of the strongest contingents of the international army of proletarians.

Germany.

What with the insolent overbearance of the Emperor, the houndish servility of the Liberals, the exorbitant agrarian tariff demands that drew forth over a million protests, and the industrial depression that has thrown 30,000 men out of work in the German capital alone, the Socialists of Berlin had a merry time in the municipal elections. They carried thirteen out of the sixteen wards of third class electors, retaining their seven old wards, gaining six new wards, and leaving only 3 in the hands of the liberals; 33,425 votes were cast for the Socialists, while only 8,926 votes fell to the lot of the Liberals, Conservatives and Nationalists.

The comrades elected are Bernstein (not Edward), Zubeil, Metzner, Schulz, Friedeberg, Basner, Ramlow, Wurm, Weyl, Glocke, Liebknecht and Pfannkuch. This brings the number of Socialists in the City Council up to 28.

In Charlottenburg, where elections were held in 8 wards, the Socialists carried 6, making the number of Socialist Councillors 8.

In the "Neue Zeit," Bebel begins the new crusade against the Revisionists with these words: "In the long run no party, and least of all ours, that is surrounded on all sides by mortal enemies and must of necessity adopt a determined uniform activity in order to succeed in its propaganda among the masses, can stand a constant questioning of its fundamental principles and tactics, and the development of a critique that makes the impression as if it were merely exercised for the enjoyment of criticism and without regard to the position of a party that is forced to fight on all sides simultaneously." Bernstein, in an article of the "Sozialistischen Monatshefte," entitled "Party Discipline and Strength of Conviction," emphasizes once more that his acceptance of the censure of the national convention does not mean a sacrifice of his convictions. "Selfcritique" and "Selfdefense" will therefore continue unabated.

Italy.

The Socialists unearthed the fact that the Camorra of Naples had burdened the city with a debt of 15,000,000 francs. Most of this money fills the pockets of Naples Tammany heelers. Unluckily for the Vesuvian tiger, this episode took place on the eve of a municipal election. And now 13 out of 16 candidates for Councilmen are singing the "International" in the City Hall. Moral: Elect Socialists before the treasury is empty.

THE WORLD OF LABOR

By Max S. Hayes.

The most important move made by our capitalistic comrades during the past month—in fact, the most interesting since the launching of the billion-dollar steel trust last spring—was the incorporation of the Northern Security Co., with a capital of \$400,000,000. A Wall street organ says this company, besides controlling the Northern Pacific, Chicago, Burlington & Quincy and Great Northern railways, will soon absorb the four other great Western systems, which have a total of nearly 50,000 miles of trackage, and are capitalized at \$1,042,000,000. This further significant statement is made: "The company is admitted to be a branch of the Morgan billion-dollar United States Steel Corporation." J. J. Hill is President of the Northern Security Co., and the board of directors is dominated by Morgan and Hill, though the Harri-man and Rockefeller interests are also represented. As was the case when the billion-dollar steel trust was formed, so at present some of the second-rate politicians in Western States claim they will take action to prevent the new octopus from living any longer than next week or so, but the magnates laugh at all threats of those who, perhaps, will be satisfied with annual passes. Controlling railways, iron and steel production, coal, oil and scores of other industrial institutions, as Rockefeller and Morgan do, how long will it be until they own the nation outright? And how long, O Lord, how long will it be before we have Socialism? It's up to you, Mr. Reader.

Canning machines and Chinamen had a short and sharp struggle in the British Columbia canneries, and the pig-tails were worsted, though they worked pretty cheap. The new machine cuts and packs fish and puts the tops on. Two men operate it and it does the work of forty. Hundreds of the Chinks are now coming across the border to see Melican man.

Edward J. Besette, Chicago printer, was fined \$250 for disobeying an injunction issued by Judge Baker against boycotting the Conkey Company and sent to jail.

Actors' Union of New York complains that the "White Rats" are being patronized in preference to union players. Row coming between the two organizations.

Tobacco trust has forced Tampa cigar manufacturers to break agreements with all unions.

Ben Tillett, of the British Dock Laborers, and W. F. Chandler, of the Amalgamated Society of Carpenters, will represent the British Trade

Union Congress at the A. F. of L. convention. Tillett is a Socialist, and while here will attempt to secure federation of American 'longshoremen with the dock workers of Europe.

President Mitchell advises the anthracite miners to get ready to inaugurate the eight-hour day next spring, and if it doesn't come as a concession to fight for it. The bosses are still reported as keeping up open and secret attacks on the unions.

New Orleans fruit trust has introduced an electric machine that unloads ships and cars. About a thousand laborers will be displaced, and one-third of the time required to unload will be saved and the loss of fruit will be reduced one-fourth.

Texas man has invented a contrivance that will do away with newspaper mailers. The device is attached to printing press and stamps the name of the subscriber on the upper outside margin of the paper. Its speed is only limited by the speed of the press.

Single taxers of New York are growling at one another. In conformity with their well-known policy of being "non-partisan," some supported Low for Mayor; others, Tammany. Hence the growls.

Standard Oil Co. has been found not guilty of violating the Nebraska anti-trust laws. We can see that trust's finish.

In Montreal fifteen cigar manufacturers combined and locked out their employes to smash their union.

Manufacturers of Jamestown, N. Y., had an organizer of the woodworkers imprisoned for being "a public nuisance." Their tools in office were forced to admit him to bail, however. Moral: Be careful, and don't be a nuisance.

Lake Shore railway put on 35 large engines and laid off 175 men.

American and British tobacco trusts are going to fight—test each other's strength and then combine as an international trust.

The brethren who conduct the crucible steel trust, capitalized at \$50,000,000, announce that they cleaned up nearly \$55,000,000 during the past year. Pretty fair "wages of superintendence," thanks to the dear people who don't like Socialism.

Speaking of Edison's new storage battery, an expert mechanic says, in the *Machinists' Journal*, that "it makes possible the electric wagon or truck, the commercial automobile, the air-ship, the electrically propelled steamship, torpedo boat and ferry boat, and inexpensive electric machinery of all kinds. It will bring about the noiseless city."

Secretary Morrison estimates that during the fiscal year terminating Oct. 31, the A. F. of L. gained fully 400,000 members.

It is reported that Morgan has secured the big Colorado Fuel & Iron Co. in his drag-net and the tin-can trust as well, and will add them to his U. S. Steel Corporation. Foundry concerns are being organized in a \$10,000,000 trust. The 15 sulphite concerns of the country are being corralled into a combine. All the hominy mills of the country are to

form a monopoly. A gypsum trust with \$13,000,000 is forming. A \$3,500,000 scale trust is announced. There are not so many more trusts to be organized to inaugurate Socialism—that is, if the people want it.

Former San Francisco strikers complain that one of the steamship companies refuses to keep its agreement and re-employ union men. In one instance the scabs who took strikers' places quit work when a union man was hired, and the latter was discharged again. It is also reported that the various employers' associations are combining to prevent further "dictation" from the unions.

A Buffalo union molder was sued for damages for stopping five scabs from going to Cleveland to take strikers' places. They secured a verdict of \$560 damages. This result establishes a new line of action for hostile employers and strike-breakers. Still there is no class struggle!

The railway brotherhoods are somewhat disturbed over the rise of two formidable opposition organizations that have brushed "autonomy," on craft lines, aside and take in all classes of railroad workers. One is called the United Brotherhood of Railway Employees and was launched in the extreme West. Organizers report that it is growing rapidly in the Southwest and in the Inter-mountain States and is sweeping eastward. The other union is known as the Canadian Order of Railway Men and was started in the Dominion. In Ontario, it is reported, several local brotherhoods held a joint session and declared that they are not only in favor of an industrial organization embracing all railway employees, but likewise were opposed to the competitive system, and pledged themselves to vote for public ownership of trusts and monopolies. The progress of these two new bodies will be watched with some interest.

Switchmen on the Denver & Rio Grande railway went on strike, but the trainmen and conductors voted to work with non-union men. Now the switchmen threaten to retaliate against the two brotherhoods on other lines.

Secretary Greenbaum, of the Socialist party, announces having issued charters to the following new locals since the last number of this magazine was printed: Sandy, Utah; Guthrie, Okla.; Acton, Okla.; Biddeford, Me.; Chacey, Mont.; Bozeman, Mont.; Blocton, Ala.; Amo, Col.; Lake Charles, Cal.; St. Paul, Minn.; Lakeland, Fla.; Oklahoma City, Okla.; Livingston, Mont.; Kingfisher, Okla.; De Soto, Kan.; Mineral, Kan.; Concordia, Kan.; Joplin, Mo.; Aurora, Mo.; Buena Vista, Col.; Albuquerque, N. M.; Mill View, Fla.; Gillette, Ark.; Memphis, Tenn.; Fort Collins, Col.; Poplar Bluff, Mont.; Medford, Okla.; Lehi, Utah; East Las Vegas, N. M.; Lewiston, N. M.; Crookston, Minn.; Santa Maria, Ariz.; Portsmouth, N. H.; Norman, Okla.; Plattsville, Col.; Pinon, Col.; Columbus, Ga.; Abilene, Kan.; Carthage, Mo.; West Plains, Mo. State charters were also granted to California, Michigan, Indiana, Pennsylvania, Texas and North Dakota. The so-called Chicago faction took a referendum and voted unanimously in favor of the plans adopted by the recent "Unity convention" in Indianapolis. The following com-

mittce has been appointed to study municipal affairs: A. M. Simons, Chicago; V. L. Berger, Milwaukee; Job Harriman, New York; John C. Chase, Haverhill, Mass., and Emil Liess, San Francisco.

The thousand local unions of the Brotherhood of Carpenters are voting on the question of expelling former General Secretary P. J. McGuire, upon the allegation that he is \$10,000 short in his accounts. McGuire, who was First Vice President of the A. F. of L. for many years, threatens to fight the case.

Contrary to general reports the Constitutional convention of Virginia did not adopt a clause prohibiting free speech.

Judge Kohlsaas, of Chicago, has gone further in the injunction-throwing business than any of his colleagues. Kohlsaas forbade the custom clothing workers from notifying any wholesale or retail dealers or any labor organization that an unfair concern has refused to allow its employes to join a union or does not use the union label. This is a covert attack upon the union label, one of the most powerful weapons of trade unions, as well as a direct blow at laws which seek to prevent employers from discharging workmen for being members of labor organizations. And there are still a few stupid persons who deny the existence of a class struggle.

Julius Grunzig, pioneer Socialist and for many years editor of the New York Volks-Zeitung, died recently.

Representatives James F. Carey and Frederic O. MacCartney were re-elected to the Massachusetts Legislature. The Socialist party also elected a Councilman at Derby, Conn., and Supervisor and Clerk at Index, Wash. In Ohio the party polled 7,359 votes, an increase of over 50 per cent since 1900. Gains were also made in New York, Pennsylvania, Nebraska, Iowa and other States, but official reports are not yet at hand.

The Los Angeles Socialist is the name of a neat little paper started on the coast. The Representative, the late Ignatius Donnelly's paper, has come out for Socialism.

A. F. of L. sent Pablo Iglesias, a prominent Socialist, to Porto Rico, to organize the workers. He was promptly arrested and thrown into prison for having led a strike two years ago, but has been bailed out. The Federation also commissioned Mrs. Irene Ashby-Macfayden to organize the cotton workers of the South. Herman Gutstadt, of San Francisco, has been stationed at Washington to work for the passage of a new law to exclude Asiatic labor. It is understood that President Roosevelt's message to Congress will favor the re-enactment of a new law. Western people generally demand it.

While this magazine is being received by its many readers, the American Federation of Labor will be in session at Scranton, Pa. This year's convention will be the largest in the history of the body and it may also prove the most interesting and exciting. The question of "trade autonomy" will be threshed out on the floor again, and perhaps finally; Socialism will arouse a lively debate; some of the executive

officers are to be dumped, and other important matters will serve to attract and rivet the attention of the labor world. The paramount question will undoubtedly be that of "autonomy," and some bad blood has been aroused in previous conventions on account of it. This year the fight will be bitter, it is expected, because of the action of the A. F. of L. Executive Committee in advising the engineers and firemen to organize their craftsmen in breweries. The brewery workers resent this suggestion and claim they intend to control every worker in their industry, whether they are brewers, engineers, firemen or drivers. Some of the other large unions are also organizing along what is known as "industrial" lines—that is, to include all workers in a given industry—and they will back up the brewers. The Shaffer-Gompers embroglio will probably cause more heated debate, and attempts to have officers elected by referendum vote and committees selected by convention instead of appointed by the chairman will add further interest to the discussions.

The De Leon Socialist Labor party, or what is left of it, is once more troubled with an internal fight. T. A. Hickey, De Leon's first lieutenant, has been expelled, and is leading the revolt against his former boss. Wm. H. Wherry has been suspended from the New York State Committee; Max Forker has resigned from the party in disgust; Hugo Vogt and Patrick Murphy have resigned from the New York State Committee, and Murphy and Karl Wallberg have also resigned from the National Board of the Socialist Trade and Labor Alliance. Two local machinists' alliances have been expelled, two party sections disrupted, and two more are in process of being smashed while these words are written, and the whole controversy will probably reach a climax at the S. T. and L. A. convention in Providence on Dec. 2, as once more the "genossen" are lining up and hurling the usual complimentary terms at each other. Mr. Hickey has issued a circular exposing the questionable practices of De Leon and his underlings, but the latter is still in control, and it difficult to predict which of the two will have control of the most teeth of "the buzz saw," if any are left, after the convention next month. The "fighting S. L. P." appears to be getting its money's worth of fighting.

BOOK REVIEWS

The Octopus. Frank Norris. Doubleday, Page & Co. Cloth, 652 pp. \$1.50.

The subtitle is "The Epic of the Wheat," and we are told that this is the first of three volumes that shall trace the wheat from the American prairies to the peasant consumers of Europe. This scheme suggests Zola, and the suggestion will recur again and again as one reads the book. There are the same peculiar apostrophic descriptions and the same power of graphic representation that are so familiar to readers of Zola. But it is not fair to say that this is imitation. Both writers are handling gigantic subjects, tremendous forces, and these compel the style if artistic wholeness is to be secured. The Octopus is the story of the hopeless, helpless fight of a little group of California wheat-growers against the domination and exploitation of the railroad. Hemmed in like rabbits in a corral they fight with fierce desperation, first exhausting all legal means and then attempting to meet their enemy in his own game of political corruption, they finally lose honor, property and at last life itself, for the climax of the book is the "Mussel Slough Massacre," where the farmers who had been defrauded of their all were shot down by deputy sheriffs. Crudeness and power are the characteristics of the book, but it is the crudeness which accords with the wild, natural forces with which he deals. A polished Addisonian style would have been as much out of place in dealing with such subjects as a pen-knife in coal mining. His economics too are crude, and whether this crudeness is due to ignorance or intention, it is none the less fitting to the book, and to have made his farmers revolt intelligently would have been an anachronism. It is the story of the struggle of blind forces, social, natural and political, and to have made any of them intelligent would have spoiled the artistic and tragic symmetry of the book.

Contemporary Socialism. John Rae. Charles Scribner's Sons. Cloth, 555 pp. \$2.50 net.

This is a new edition of the work which had long been recognized as a valuable reference book on Socialism. There has been little or no change in the original portions of the book. There is the same excellent sketch of the life and work of Ferdinand Lassalle, the rather poor treatment of Marx, whose economics the author never understood, and the very full treatment of Carl Marlo, who is usually passed by in all historical discussions of Socialism. His chapter on "The Socialists of the Chair" is especially good, as is also the one on "The Christian Social-

ists" of Germany, both of which are the best things in English on these subjects. He gives nearly one hundred pages to a very exhaustive discussion of "State Socialism," which he is very careful to distinguish from real Socialism, although at every other point save in this chapter he hopelessly confuses the two.

The chapter on "Russian Nihilism" contains an excellent description of social conditions in Russia, but when he comes to treat of the revolutionary movement which is supposed to be the main subject of the chapter, he is less successful. The final chapter on "Socialism from 1891 to 1900," which constitutes almost all the new matter in the book, is the poorest of all. It is simply one long argument for Bernsteinism, which he seems to think is on the eve of capturing the whole European Socialist movement. According to him, the rejection of Lassalle's "Iron Law of Wages," the adoption of the Erfurt program, and the activity of the French Socialists in the municipalities, are all evidences of this change. Such reasoning approaches the grotesque and would indicate that the author became frightened at the approach of revolutionary Socialism and called upon his imagination to help him out. If the events in Austria, Germany, Italy and France for the last few weeks have shown anything, it is that Bernsteinism is dying out and that the class-struggle tactics alone have sufficient vitality to survive.

The Monetary History of the United States. C. J. Buldock. Macmillan Co. Half leather, 291 pp. \$1.25.

The first part on "Three Centuries of Cheap Money in the United States," is an admirable study of this phase of American economic history. The gradual evolution from barter to metal is traced and the various issues of paper money from pre-revolutionary times to the present are fully treated. The whole effort for paper money is shown to be but a class struggle between the creditor classes of the East and the debtor classes of the West. His summing up is so suggestive that we give it entire. "If this essay has portrayed and interpreted correctly the monetary history of the United States, one important conclusion may be drawn concerning the probable future of the agitation for a cheap currency. If the scarcity of capital in sparsely settled areas has been hitherto the primary cause for the persistent demand for barter currencies, paper money, and a depreciating metallic medium of exchange, such a movement must gradually subside with the growth of numbers, wealth and diversified industries in the regions that now form the seat of the silver party. Only a few generations have passed since this agitation was effectually quieted in the North Atlantic States. Within the last twenty years the valley of the Upper Mississippi has been won from its adherence to the old propaganda. The area that will henceforth feel the lack of ready capital, and desire some form of cheap money, cannot be greatly increased by the admission of new States. Each passing decade will tend to remove the causes that now contribute to the strength of the silver movement in the extreme South and West. An improvement of banking facilities in these regions would contribute materially to the accomplishment of these results. In periods of great industrial depression, especially in times of distress and discontent among the agricultural classes, the familiar nostrums will be proposed

and the old demand for "more money" may be renewed for a long time to come. But in the absence of some great industrial cataclysm, there will be a continual narrowing of the field within which the agitation for a cheap currency can hope to secure any large measure of popular support."

The author, however, never seems to think that there might be a real grievance back of all this misdirected effort. On the contrary, he never loses an opportunity to cast slurs on those who dared to rebel against exploitation.

The Practice of Charity. E. T. Devine. Leutlilhon & Co., 18 mo., 186 pp.; 60 cents.

It will be one of things upon which future historians will remark with amazement that at a time when mechanical production was so perfect that it was the main problem of diplomacy and statecraft to find an outlet for the surplus, the starving poor were still so abundant that the practice of charity became a branch of applied science. Then if this future student shall chance to look into the great libraries that have been accumulated under the head of "charitological literature," he will be again surprised that men could have spent their lives in such work and still know so little of the fundamental phases of the subject. Here is a book written by a Ph. D. from Penn. University and a man who has had long practical experience and observation among the poor of great cities. Nevertheless his work is, in some respects, marked by a superficiality that would condemn him utterly were he writing in any other field than that of the social sciences. On one side, and that the one which the book really aims to fill, he has done what all students of capitalist charity, from the capitalist standpoint, will consider a good piece of work. He has produced a handbook full of practical suggestions for those who wish to engage in professional philanthropy. As such it is far superior to anything of the kind previously written. But no matter how much he wished to do so he could not confine himself to this phase of the subject. He feels, from the very beginning, that charity is on the defensive. Consequently he sets about justifying it. He seeks to defend the motives of the contributors to charity funds and declares that "money is given in charity chiefly from a sincere desire to help those who are in trouble." But it never occurs to him, any more than it does to the individual giver, to push the analysis on from the individual to the class of givers and point out that such giving is absolutely essential to the preservation of the parasitic class. When he attempts to discuss the social effects of charity we can only believe in his own individual honesty by remembering this same fact of blind class consciousness. This is especially true in view of such sentences as this: "Social progress would be enormously advanced by the transformation of all the improvident and inefficient members of society into persons who provide for their own future and share in a product which they have helped to create." Leaving aside the thousand times exploded fallacy that all the runners can win in a race it evidently never occurred to the writer that if the class of half starved unfortunates who are helped to exist through charity were not at hand to furnish "scabs," laborers would soon demand and receive all they produce and the capi-

talists who support charity organizations from "a share in a product they did not help to create," would cease to exist. Finally in a discussion of motives for giving he is forced to admit, what every student of charity knows, that "it is a question whether the neighborly assistance given in the tenement houses of the city does not rank first of all among the means for the alleviation of distress."

His analysis of the whole unemployed problem is equally shallow. "One of the most interesting problems awaiting solution is the determination of the extent to which industrial displacement and psychological defects respectively are the real causes of homelessness and lack of regular employment. That changes in machinery and in methods of industry, seasonal occupations, and other economic influences are partly responsible few will deny. It is equally obvious (sic) that there are many who are so constituted that if left to their own resources, they can scarcely contribute to society one year with another the value of what they consume. Shiftlessness, a lack of any feeling of responsibility for the family and the wandering impulse are responsible for the failure." To any one but a professional charity worker it would seem to be "equally obvious" that as no one ever saw a healthy child who was "shiftless," etc., it is fair to presume that the economic environment is responsible for the "psychological defects," and his analysis becomes foolish. Perhaps the most ridiculous thing in the whole book is his attempted discussion of the things which would "increase prosperity" and in which he declares that "It is not the amount of wealth we produce but the use we make of it that is of the greatest consequence. It is our standard of living rather than our mental or muscular power, that determines whether or not we are to be prosperous." Leaving aside the very ambiguous use of the word "we" the question at once arises as to how this "standard of life" is to be raised under a system where as soon as any considerable portion of the producers of wealth learn how to support life on any less than their wages those wages promptly show a strong tendency to revert to a lower point and only continual fighting by the wage-workers can prevent such a decline. It is needless to say that this fight by the laborers, through their unions, to raise the "standard of life," which does more every year in that direction than all the charity organizations have done or ever will do, is not even mentioned by the author. For those who wish to play at philanthropy this book is a valuable guide to the rules of the game. For the social student it is interesting as an illustration of class reasoning. To the antiquarian of the future it will probably be a curiosity in intellectual gymnastics.

Among the Periodicals.

"The Fight Against Tuberculosis," by Lawrence P. Flick, M. D., is a most striking article in the November "World's Work." He shows that with the care which could be furnished by an intelligent social organization nearly all cases could be cured and states "that tuberculosis can be stamped out no longer permits of doubt. Leprosy was stamped out by empirical methods and without the aid of science.

Tuberculosis can be eradicated more easily, because science has given us a knowledge of the life history of the organism which produces the disease, thereby enabling us to know just what to do."

"Documente des Socialismus." Edited by Ed. Bernstein. This is the first of a monthly series of papers which should be of the greatest value to all students of socialism. The first number contains, among other things, a Bibliography of Socialism, the first political labor program of the nineteenth century, an article of Proudhon's, on the political and social situation written in 1848, a series of short articles summing up the current history of Socialism, and a review of the articles appearing on Socialism in current publications.

"Country Life," the new magazine issued by Doubleday, Page & Co., is the first periodical published in America which proposes to treat the social and economic side of rural America. Artistically, it is everything that could be wished, being profusely illustrated with most excellent photographs. The principal article in the November number is an article on "The Abandoned Farm," by L. H. Bailey, in which he discusses the economic movement toward the West that has given rise to the abandoned farms of New England.

The second number of "The Comrade" is fully up to the high standard set by the first. The main feature is the starting as a serial of Wm. Morris' "News from Nowhere," with illustrations by H. G. Jentszsch, the well-known German artist, whose work on "Die Wahre Jacob" has attracted so much favorable notice.

EDITORIAL

The Necessity of Socialist Organization.

It would now appear that we were altogether too conservative in the last issue of the Review in our treatment of the matter of press censorship. We were criticised by some publications as being too loose in regard to our facts, although a little examination of the editorial will show that every statement was supported by proof, or contained references to the sources from which the proof could be obtained. Developments since its publication show that we might have made the case for discrimination against Socialist papers much stronger than we did.

While the rule concerning libraries seems to be quite generally enforced against Socialist and non-Socialist publications, the authorities are proceeding to suppress Socialist papers which, by no possibility, can be differentiated from other publications that are left unmolested. "Wiltshire's Monthly," which succeeded "The Challenge," although even from the ordinary literary point of view of a far higher character than 90 per cent of the monthly publications circulated without protest, was denied admission, and as a result, is to be moved to Canada. The "Appeal to Reason," which has a larger circulation than any political paper in the world, with practically no advertisements, and conforming in every way to the idea of a legitimate periodical, is requested to show cause why it should not be excluded from the mails. As this proceeding has generally been tantamount to an exclusion from the second-class rate, it is probable that the Appeal will be suppressed, in anticipation of which result it is announced that it may also be removed to Canada.

This press censorship is but one of several signs that Socialism is reaching a point where it cannot any longer be stayed by being ignored. It has at last forced attention to such an extent that its enemies are driven to the open. This is shown in the concerted attack made within the last few weeks under various forms by the Roman Catholic Church. Archbishop Corrigan, of New York, preached a sermon nominally to his congregation, but really to the Associated Press, attacking a creature of his own brain which he had labeled Socialism. Almost simultaneously thousands of Catholic congregations were suddenly supplied with a very significant pamphlet, "The Crying Evil of the Hour, Socialism," the signature of which was followed by the famous letters S. J., indicating that the political enginery of Catholicism, the Jesuit Society, has been set in action against Socialism. Immediately after this came the announcement of the formation of Catholic Church societies in a large number of parishes whose special task it should be to combat Socialism. Finally came the call to inaugurate what in Europe has always

been the most effective (or perhaps it would be more accurate to say least ineffective) weapon against Socialism, the formation of Catholic unions. In every Catholic country of Europe the "yellow unions," as the clerical organizations are called, are the terror of every bona fide unionist. In times of strike it is from these organizations that the "yellow scab" comes, the most hated of all the traitors of the laboring class.

This attack by the Catholic Church and clergy does not by any means, however, demand that the Socialist should respond by an attack on religion, or even, upon the Catholic Church, any more than they should meet the action of the Postmaster General by a demand for the abolition of the postoffice. Arguments against Socialism must be met and attacks upon it repelled, but care must be taken to maintain the controversy within the field of Socialism. If our opponents can succeed in side-tracking the issue into a discussion of religion their efforts will have accomplished much more to the detriment of Socialism than could possibly be obtained by the strength of their logic.

All this open hostility is welcome news to the Socialist. It means that his gage of battle has been accepted and that the actual struggle is at hand. Yet it must be confessed that we are still deficient in equipment for any great struggle, not so much because we are fewer in numbers than we could wish, but rather because those who have accepted the doctrines of Socialism are still in no position to use effectively the power which they actually possess. The Socialist strength cannot yet be wielded as a solid body. Above everything else we need organization. The most important thing before the Socialists of to-day is perfection of their political machinery. For the work of Socialism a man inside the party is worth many times as much as one of similar ability outside. It is the difference between the old individual workmanship and the modern co-operative machinery. Yet, to-day, less than one-tenth of the average Socialist strength of the United States is organized in any form. The other nine-tenths cannot be reached in any certain manner in case of need. They are not an army but a mob. The party organization is to-day powerless to reach into many places even where Socialists are numerous, because there is no local organization there with propaganda machinery and with State or National connections. Our greatest need to-day is machinery with which to work. No matter how ready they may be to aid, any number of "unattached Socialists" in such a place avail little. No one knows where they are, or what they can do. Whatever is done must be done blindly and with great waste of energy.

If, on the other hand, there is a Party Local, no matter how small, in a place, the Socialists and through them whomever it is necessary, can be reached with Socialist propaganda. It will be known at once through whom and how to work, no energy is wasted, no time is lost.

But, if the movement as a whole suffers from the dissatisfaction or indifference of unattached Socialists, the individual who is thus isolated from the general Socialist movement suffers still more by refusing to avail himself of the organized effort. He handicaps himself in the making of Socialists and helps to perpetuate his own slavery.

The isolated Socialist loses all the inspiration and help that comes from a close organic connection with others who are working along the same line; he has no voice in determining the policy of the party with whom he must vote if he is to give his ideas tangible expression. Speakers whose assistance he may be most anxious to secure may pass near him, but he has no means of securing them.

Socialism is a growing, developing philosophy. But the individual not in close touch with the general movement finds himself growing antiquated and one-sided. If he becomes weary of working unaided against tremendous obstacles and ceases for a while his individual efforts, the Socialist agitation and interest that he may have roused, stops. There is no organization to give the results he may attain permanence and continuity. There is no place to which he can direct those who have become interested in his work where they can find others with similar interests. There is no center around which the Socialist sentiment he rouses can unite, and the moment his personality is removed the interest flags. There is no nucleus about which the Socialist ideas and movements that spring from the multitude of influences in modern society that are tending toward Socialism can crystallize.

In short, the whole matter is as strongly expressed as possible when we say that the difference between an isolated Socialist and the Socialist party movement is the difference between blind Anarchistic struggles and intelligent Socialist effort.

PUBLISHERS' DEPARTMENT

Special Offer on Bound Volumes.

The International Socialist Review began publication with the month of July, 1900. The first twelve numbers ended with June, 1901, and have been put into a handsome volume of 828 pages, substantially bound in cloth, with an alphabetical table of contents, making it easy for the readers to refer to any article or editorial in any of the twelve numbers. This volume contains articles by Ferri, Hyndman, Kautsky, Lafargue, Quelch, Schiavi, Vandervelde, Vinck, Keir Hardie and other European Socialists; also articles by the leading Socialists of our own country. Moreover, each number contains a history of the events of the current month in Europe and America in so far as they have a bearing on the Socialist movement. The volume will be simply invaluable to any student of Socialism. We have only about 250 copies left, and when these are gone no more can be obtained at any price. For the present we offer them at \$2, postpaid, or to stockholders in our co-operative company at \$1.22, postpaid.

The Republic of Plato.

Early in 1901 we published a new translation of the first book of the Republic of Plato. We are glad to announce that the second book is now in the hands of our printers and will be ready for delivery in a few weeks. Plato's Republic is the original from which nearly all writers of the Utopian school of Socialism get their inspiration. It contains ten books in all and we expect in time to publish the entire work. The first book, which we can mail to any address promptly on receipt of 15 cents, is taken up with a discussion of the basis of ethics in general. The second book carries the discussion over to the question of ethics as related to the life of the State, and it outlines the beginnings of a State in a remarkable fashion, which almost anticipates the Socialist theory of economic determinism. The second part will be published at the same price as the first, and advance orders will be filled promptly upon publication.

Socialist Songs.

We are glad to announce that we have just published a new edition of No. 11 of the Pocket Library of Socialism entitled, "Socialist Songs." The new edition corresponds exactly to the words in our larger book,

"Socialist Songs with Music." The price of the new booklet is 5 cents, and we offer it at \$1.50 a hundred, postpaid, to any Socialist Local, or \$1 a hundred, postpaid, to any Local holding a share of stock in our company.

The price of "Socialist Songs with Music" is 20 cents a copy, or \$1.50 a dozen, postpaid. This book has given general satisfaction and has made it practicable to have singing in connection with Socialist meetings in many places. The greatest obstacle to its general introduction has been that comrades often could not afford to pay for enough books to scatter through a large hall for propaganda meetings.

The publication of the booklet now announced will make it possible to introduce singing in propaganda meetings everywhere by supplying a few copies of the edition with music for the musicians who assist at the meeting, and scattering the booklets through the crowd. We have endeavored to introduce no song that is not in itself good propaganda material.

Thrown Out of the Mails.

A few days after the November number of the International Socialist Review went to press, we received formal notice from the Post-office Department that the Library of Progress and the Pocket Library of Socialism could hereafter be mailed only at the regular printed matter rate of 8 cents a pound. This ruling was, of course, not unexpected, in view of the experience of other Socialist publishers. While it will increase our expenses by about \$100 a month, we shall not make any changes in the retail price of the Socialist books which we are mailing to customers all through the United States. We shall, moreover, continue the special rate on 100 assorted copies of the Pocket Library of Socialism of \$1, postpaid, to our stockholders, and \$1.50, postpaid, to those not subscribing for stock.

This means that we shall be selling these booklets at a loss unless our sales are greatly increased. But we rely on the growth of the Socialist movement and on the loyal support of our comrades who do not propose to see Socialist literature suppressed, to make the demand sufficient to cover all expenses. A descriptive list of these booklets will be sent to any address upon application.

Socialism vs. Anarchy.

This timely and instructive pamphlet by A. M. Simons was announced in the October number of the Review. The first edition of 6,000 copies was sold in less than a week from the time of publication and a second edition of 10,000 copies has been published. The intense feeling against anarchy which has spread through the United States on account of the assassination of the President makes it a matter of vital importance to socialists everywhere that the contrast between socialism and anarchy be clearly explained, and no other pamphlet is so

available for this purpose. This is No. 31 of the Pocket Library of Socialism, and is sold at 5 cents singly, 10 copies for 30 cents, or 100 copies for \$1.50. Stockholders in our Co-operative Company can obtain 100 copies postpaid for \$1.00.

New Books in Press.

The reader is referred to the last month's Review for a full description of "The American Farmer," by A. M. Simons, and "American Communities," by William A. Hinds, both of which are now in the printer's hands. The price of the former will be 50 cents and of the latter \$1. Advance orders are solicited.

Socialist Party Buttons.

In response to numerous calls from all over the country we have ordered from the manufacturer a supply of socialist party buttons from a new design prepared expressly for us. The emblem chosen is the rising sun, which is that used by the Parti Ouvrier of France. It has been endorsed by all the comrades with whom we have been enabled to communicate, and is regarded by them as decidedly preferable to the designs heretofore offered.

We are prepared to fill orders for single buttons at 10 cents; one dozen at 36 cents, and 100 at \$2.50, including prepayment of postage.

A new catalogue and order list of socialist books is now ready and will be mailed to any reader requesting it. Charles H. Kerr & Company, publishers, 56 Fifth avenue, Chicago.

Towards Democracy.

This is the title of a remarkable volume of prose poems by Edward Carpenter, published some years ago in England, which has heretofore been sold in this country only at extremely high prices. We take pleasure in calling attention to the advertisement of the Stockham Publishing Company on another page offering this book at the reduced price of \$1.50. Our stockholders are requested to note that our discounts do not apply to books of other publishers except in the case of those which are included in our catalogue by special arrangement.

Industrial Democracy.

This is the title of a Labor Day address delivered at Elkhart, Indiana, by J. W. Kelley, who was not long ago elected on the Socialist ticket as a Councilman at Marion, Ind. It is an examination of the conditions toward which America is tending with a plea for the adoption of an industrial democracy. This booklet is No. 32 of the Pocket Library of Socialism and is supplied at the same price as Socialism vs Anarchy.